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THE STANDARD.

THE QUESTION OF NEGRO SUFFRAGE.

Sermon by Henry Ward Beecher.

[EXTRACT.]

IF I were to put into one single sentence a prescription for that people, it would be this: *Make them full American citizens.* Take away whatever hinders it, and add whatever is needful to it. Make them citizens, and *they* are safe, and *you* are safe. . . . Give to the blacks that right which belongs to every born creature—to take part in determining the laws, the magistracies, and the public policy under which they and their children are to live.

In short, I demand that the broad and radical Democratic doctrine of the natural rights of men shall be applied to all men, without regard to race, or color, or condition. Let me see the Democrat that will face me and deny this doctrine! What is the reason that it should not be applied to every living creature, without regard to condition, race, or color? I demand faith in our own national principles, and courage to trust them in their practical application.

I shall be met, at once, with the honest, but mistaken declaration, that it is not safe to put the vote into the hands of the black man; that the elective franchise is too important to be committed to rude hands.

My reply is, that it has been committed to the hands of black men. They are voters in New York. They are voters in Massachusetts. They are voters in other States. They were voters in Virginia and Tennessee until within comparatively recent periods. And when has there ever been an allegation that they were unfaithful to their trust? that they were less than competent to hold it? There is abundant evidence to prove that they have shown themselves to be both faithful to it, and competent to hold it. It has never been dreamed that they were not.

And if it be said that the case is different when you sweep in vast masses of the uneducated black men of the South, I reply, that there may be special cases in which there will be mischief worked, but that the general result cannot but be true to this great Democratic principle of the safety of putting trust in common men.

But I give a more general answer than this—for this is a prudential answer. The citizen's suffrage is not a privilege or a prerogative, but a right. Every man has a right to have a voice in the laws, the magistracies, and the policies that take care of him. That is an inherent right; it is not a privilege conferred. It is a part of liberty. It is a very precious part of citizenship, to which all men are entitled, except they forfeit it by crime. And when you say, "It is not safe to trust the vote in these men's hands," I reply that it is not for you to determine. It is a part of that which is their right; and they come to you, and say, "Why do you withhold from us that which God gave to us?"

On no ground, except that of crime, can you deny the elective franchise to any class, without admitting the monarchical doctrine that civil rights and authority descend from the superior classes or rulers, and that they have a right to *confer*, as a privilege, that which the Democratic doctrine teaches belongs to all men in common. Our doctrine is, that all rights and prerogatives belong to the whole people; and that they may be delegated by them to superior classes. The European doctrine is, that rights and prerogatives belong to the better classes, and that the people may have them only as they are delegated to them by these classes. According to our doctrine, it is safe for rights and prerogatives to rest with the people. According to the European doctrine it is not safe. In England education is called free; but it is free only as a charity or a dole is free. There are not in Great Britain what we understand by *common schools*—namely, schools provided by the common people for themselves, as a part of their rights; but the state may open schools without pay, as a mode of giving charity to their poor. Our doctrine is, that civil rights inhere in the people, and that if they rise to the hands of superior classes, they are powers delegated to them, and that they evermore come back to the people. As the clouds draw their rain from the ocean, and, pouring it down upon the ground, return it to the ocean again; so authority goes from the common people to their rulers, and returns to the common people again. And the doctrine that the superior classes are exclusively fitted for holding powers and prerogatives is a supreme arrogance. It is a part of the impertinence of aristocracy. When, therefore, any part of our people demand their rights as citizens, and we talk about the unsafety of giving these rights to them, we assume the positions and doctrines of monarchical government and aristocratic classes.

A little more minutely, I would say, that an ignorant, and poor, and inexpert man has an inherent interest in his own affairs as much as though he were expert, and rich, and educated. The life of every man, no matter how poor or ignorant he may be, is as dear to him as yours is to you. The prosperity of his children is of as much importance to him as the prosperity of your children is to you. The laws which affect his peace, and comfort, and well-being are as much his concern as yours. And he has as much right to be consulted as to what shall be his fate as you have. And in ten thousand matters of common daily life, he is as apt to be right, and as surely right, as if he were a born philosopher.

I claim, again, that, in a free republic, though it is manifestly dangerous to multiply ignorant voters, yet, it is far more dangerous to have a large underclass of ignorant and disfranchised men who are neither stimulated, educated, nor ennobled by the exercise of the vote. The best government, the wisest laws, the discreetest institutions, and the ablest administration of them, will not save us from perils. There is danger in everything. And to have an ignorant class young is dangerous, whether white or black. But to have an ignorant class, and not have them voting, is a great deal more dangerous. In other word, a great mass at the bottom of society that have none of the motives, none of the restraints, none of the appeals to conscience and to manliness that come with the necessity and duty of voting, are more dangerous in critical periods than they could possibly be if they were made citizens. And the remedy for the unquestionable dangers of having ignorant voters lies in educating them by all the means in our power, and not in excluding them from their rights. The safety of the state consists in the virtue, liberty, and power of its whole citizenship. Civil safety is but another term for civil rights. The old policy has been, and in Europe it still is, to attach the population to the state by as few rights as possible, and chiefly to secure it by inculcating blind submission to law, under a motive mostly of fear. But our American doctrine abhors this view, and teaches that the citizen should be attached to the state by every conceivable just expedient. It is best for the state that every single citizen should be a property-holder; should be consulted in law-making; should aid in determining the policy of the state; should assist in selecting its magistrates; should have open to him, and to his children, all the honors and powers which any may justly covet or seek; in short, that he be a *stockholder*, and learn to study the public weal as part of his own.

It is not wise to treat thousands of men as if they had no interest in the state, or only a subordinate one. It is not wise to create a class-feeling by giving to one man political power, and withholding it from another. The voter stands in a class above the non-voter. To say that universal suffrage is dangerous, is a platitude or a sophism. Limited voting is dangerous. Voting at *all* is dangerous. Living is dangerous. Everything is dangerous. It is dangerous to have laws, a state, and magistrates. *Not* to have them is *more* dangerous? We *must* have them, and combat and overrule all the dangers!

If to give half a million men the vote is perilous, how will it be to have them lying at the bottom of society in a state of savagery, looking on laws as enemies, and government as despotic, and bound to their fellows more by a sense of wrong than by common duties, interests, and ambitions?

Does any one say, "First prepare these people, and *then* give them the vote"? But who will prepare them? Will the government undertake their education? Will you assume the burden? Will their late masters and poor white neighbors take up the cross and seek to enlighten the blacks? In this land a poor man without a vote is like a vagabond king bidding for his life; and a poor man with a vote is honored and courted by all. A hundred voteless black men will be consigned to contempt. But a hundred black men with a vote will be a school, and every candidate play schoolmaster to them, and expound and argue the annual questions of policy. Comprehensively viewed, voting carries with it civil education.

Nothing so much prepares men for intelligent suffrage as the exercise of the right of suffrage. You cannot educate a man for liberty in any way so well as by giving him liberty; and you cannot teach a man the use of the vote in any way so well as by making him use it. What would you think of teaching a child to walk without allowing him to put his foot to the ground? Would you keep a child ignorant of how to walk till he was old enough to understand the anatomy of the legs, and read that to him, and have him sit in a chair and make the motions of walking with his feet, before trying to walk? The best way of educating a child to walk is to let him walk.

It is with voting as it is with many another art—for voting is an art of which political philosophy is the science. It is being accustomed to tools that gives aptness in their use. It is not the theory of construction that makes men good mechanics. It is practice that gives facility to their hands, and carries with it that second nature on which their skill depends. And that which is true in the mechanic arts is true in the matter of voting. There are nations in Europe that have the right of suffrage accorded to them who know not how to use it. They have a tool in their hands which they do not know what to do with. And what we need, to give aptness in the use of the franchise, is to accord to men the right of suffrage at an early period—for it is using it that teaches men how to use it.

It is true, I suppose, that some are not benefited by the exercise of the right of suffrage—such may be counted as the tare and tret of society; but the great mass of men *are* benefited by the simple use of the vote. When, for instance, in a crowd, where men are genial, there is a shouting for some object that they wish to attain, let some one call out the names of five men, proposing that these men shall be a committee to deliberate upon the subject in which they are all concerned, and report what they shall deem to be the best mode of procedure under the circumstances. Up to this time these men were, like all the rest of the crowd, noisy, disorderly, undignified; but the moment the responsibility is put upon them of thinking for others, they are sobered. They feel differently, because more interests than simply their own are in their hands. And it is natural. You cannot undertake to think for one man, and still less for a community of men, without being conscious that there is a pressure upon you.

Now, the moment a man becomes a voter, he begins to feel that there is devolved upon him a duty that reaches beyond himself and his family to the town where he lives, or, it may be, to the party to which he belongs. He is a thinker and an actor for others; and the moment he begins to think and act for others he is an officer of some sort, raised, dignified, and made conscious of an importance that he had not before. In the science of educating a common people, nothing is more essential than that which makes a man feel that he is personally important. One reason why the family has such a civilizing and elevating influence upon society is because the father is the head, and has the interests of all the members to look after. And the peculiar tendency of putting the vote into a man's hand is to inspire him with conscious importance. The result at first may be slight; but in the long run it is vast. The appeals that are made to the voter's understanding, from first to last, are a great education. Consider, for instance, the discussion of public topics during the last ten years. How universal, how pervading, how intense it has been! That man must be scarcely distinguishable from the beasts of the field into whose head have not, during the last ten years, penetrated many thoughts, and doctrines, and truths that pertain to the individual and to society.

Consider how any class of the community becomes redeemed from abuse by the power of the vote. Let a town be filled with five hundred freshly-imported Irishmen who cannot vote, and who cares for them? How easily men curse them! How, if they interfere with men's plans, and desires, and interests, are they treated as the offscouring of the earth? But let them become citizens, and be allowed to vote, and how polite candidates are to them! How instantly their wishes are consulted! How important it is found to be that they should have their rights! The motive that actuates the candidate may be selfish and insincere; but see the result. The rights of those men become respected; and it is held that Irishmen have rights that candidates are bound to respect!

Protecting the rights of the poor is more important than protecting the rights of the rich; for the poor, being in the majority, give to the community its character. The condition of the poor is the gauge by which to measure the condition of the community. And the way to educate them, and raise them in the scale of being, is to let them vote. For he that votes, and is free to vote, is wanted by both parties. The community, therefore, become a jury, and all party speakers become advocates pleading a case before them; and they are made to sit in judgment; and their vote is their decision. And this process cannot be carried on from year to year without educating men.

So firm is my belief in this, that I would—perhaps after a little combing and washing—have our immigrants vote at once. It would be dangerous, I know, to have them vote immediately; but it would be more dangerous not to have them vote then. I would have them vote at once, first, because I think that we have institutions which will bear the strain of bad voting—for they would vote badly. It would be strange if they did not. Put me in a cabinet shop, and tell me to make a bureau, and the probabilities are that I shall spoil the lumber and the tools that are given me to work with. Put me into the trench to earn my bread by under-draining, and it is likely, not only that my earnings will amount to little or nothing, but that I shall spoil much work. Now, put an Irishman at practicing the art of self-government before he has had any experience in that art, and it will be strange if he does not spoil some tools and some work; but he is a *learner*. He is not to be compared with an old citizen till he has had an opportunity to make himself proficient in his new calling. This country is a great academy of civil government and human rights, and there come to us thousands and thousands of scholars; and the only way for us to deal with them is, to put them to the work of participating in the administration of public affairs. Their first efforts will be bungling; but our system of government will stand the disadvantages of their want of skill while they are being educated. And very soon they will begin to vote better. You may not see the result; fresh importations may cover it up; but you may take the lowest of them, and let them vote for five years, and you will see that at the end of that time they will vote with more thought and vim, if not with more conscience, than they did in the beginning. Let them grow; let them begin to amass property; let them feel the influences of the family, and you will find that they are ameliorating in the character of their vote as well as in their social condition. And when they have been here and voted for twenty-five years, show me one of them, if you can, that does not vote as well as our own countrymen. I hold that it is better to put them to school at once, and give them to understand that it is a political school that this nation is keeping, and that we can afford to have scholars, though they spoil many writing-books in learning to write.

I advocate, then, the giving to all men, black and white, the right of suffrage, first, because it belongs to them; second, because it is safe and beneficial; and, third, because only in this way can we have peace. We cannot have peace in any other way, because no question is ever settled that is not settled right. It is easily disturbed. If justice is refused, you may be sure that you will have agitation. You cannot hush up a principle. And as to compromising, often it is wise and expedient to compromise where *things* are concerned; but never is it wise or expedient to do it where *principles* are concerned. If you do it, you only rake up the fire, that it may break out again to-morrow. And the only way to settle a question of this character is to ask, What are the principles on which we should build? When you have settled a question thus, you have settled it right, and you are done with it. Of the questions which came up for settlement by our fathers, those in which they touched principle were settled forever, and they never gibber or flit; but those questions where, instead of touching principle, they only touched the quicksand of expediency, have been all our lives agitating and tormenting us. And if there was ever a people that ought to have learned that to touch the ground of principle is safe, and that to come short of that is unsafe, we are that people. So, let us not commit another mistake.

I, then, advocate suffrage for the black people, because they have earned and deserved this boon, even if it were not their right. I allude to their singularly good conduct in the trying situations of the last five years; to the wonderful sagacity which has marked them during all that time; and to their invariable love and tender care shown to our soldiers. I do not believe there is a soldier that, escaping from Southern captivity, has been ministered to, night and day, by the blacks, has had his wounds dressed by them, and has in no case been betrayed by them; I do not believe your son, who escaped through the fidelity of these people; I do not believe any soldier who, in the midst of suffering and peril, has been succored and relieved by them, would, if the question were to come up as to whether the negro should be permitted to vote, or be denied the right of voting, go for denying him that right.

Then, for their heroic military services, I think the blacks have deserved the right of suffrage. And here let me tell you what was Gen. Grant's testimony about colored soldiers. Said Gen Grant, "For picket duty, for guard duty, for the march, and for assault, the colored soldiers are surpassed by none in the world, and equalled by few." "Well, then, General," it was asked, "what do they lack? They seem to have every qualification that a soldier requires." Gen Grant replied, "They may not have the power to endure continuous fighting, like that of the forty-five days struggle from the Wilderness to the James. This has not yet been proved; but it may turn out that they possess this element also."

They are more faithful than white soldiers in guard duty. The bread of the army under the bayonet of the black man is safer than under the bayonet of the white man. And it is not long to be disguised or disputed that these men make as good soldiers as soldiers need to be. And when, coming from the plantation, without having had the advantages of education, they are able to maintain themselves by the side of white men that have been brought up in the common school, how much do they deserve of praise! Let Gen. Sherman be heard: "Though I think the white race a superior one, and that it ought to rule this continent for itself, yet if you admit the negro to this struggle for any purpose, he has a right to stay in for all, and when the fight is over, the hand that drops the musket cannot be denied the ballot."

Moreover they deserve the right of suffrage by reason of their unswerving fidelity to the Union; and on this ground I demand that they should be recognized as citizens. Talk of their unfitness to hold the destiny of the nation, when, in fifteen States, while the white population have proved recreant to the government, they have remained constant in their adherence to it! While fifteen millions of white men betrayed their trust, and brought eternal infamy upon their history, these four million blacks, though subjected to severe trial, both of life and limb, were faithful to law, to Union, to the Constitution, to liberty, to the old flag, and all that that flag symbolizes; and in the name of fidelity, I demand that they who have done so much for this nation shall not be denied the right of citizenship in it.

I demand it on one ground more: I demand it for the sake of the white Union men in the South. For, ere long, when again the rebellious States are, by the flash of the sword, wheeled into line; when again things resume their old way, the white men that have been faithful to the Union in those States will be in a sad condition. When local affairs again pass into the hands of the citizens there, those men, who are but a handful, if left by themselves, will be ground as between an upper and lower millstone. But if the slaves are allowed to vote, they and the white Union men will be more than a match for their adversaries. And I demand that you shall not sacrifice the minority of white men in the South, by withholding the vote from these their natural allies, that, if allowed to exercise the rights of citizenship, will always go with them.

I know it is said, "This will make the black man equal to the white." Well, if God made him equal to the white, you cannot help yourselves. If God did not make him equal to the white, then I do not. Whatever God made him capable of becoming, let him become. That is all I ask. I do not express any opinion as to whether he is or is not equal to the white. I am willing to take my chance with him. Are you willing to do the same? or, are you afraid that he will outrun you in a fair race?

I stand, to-night, to plead for the rights of men; and I plead for them all the more willingly because they are the rights of men that are unable to plead for their own rights. They are emerging from bondage. I thank God, as for the best gift of my life, that I have lived to see the day when the chain is broken, and the shackle has fallen, and the African has gone free. Now, if my life has been spared to see that despised creature of the plantation inducted into the fulness of his right as a citizen, religiously taught, and made industrious by the ownership of land, and by the application of those motives that make us industrious; if I have lived to see that nation born in a day, I can say, with Simeon, "Now, Lord, let thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

Speech of Hon. Wm. D. Kelley

In the U. S. House of Representatives, Jan. 16.

[EXTRACT.]

I AM, Mr. Speaker, under but one specific pledge to my constituents other than that which promised to vote away the last dollar from each man's coffer and the last able-bodied son from his hearthside, if they should be needed for the effectual suppression of the rebellion, and that is, that I will in their behalf consent to no proposed system of reconstruction which shall place the loyal men of the insurrectionary district under the unbridled control of the wicked and heartless traitors who have involved us in this war, and illustrated their barbarity by the fiendish cruelties they have practiced on their loyal neighbors, negro soldiers and unhappy prisoners of war; and to that pledge, God helping me, I mean to prove faithful. The future peace and prosperity of the country demand this much at our hands. The logic of our institutions, the principles of the men who achieved our independence and who framed those institutions, alike impel us to this course, as necessary as it will be wise and just.

Let us meet the question fairly. Do our institutions rest on complexional differences? Can we cement and perpetuate them by surrendering the patriots of the insurgent district, shorn of all political power, into the hands of the traitors whom we propose to propitiate by such a sacrifice of faith and honor? Did God ordain our country for a single race of men? Is there reason why the intelligent, wealthy, loyal man of color shall stand apart, abased, on election day, while his ignorant, intemperate, vicious, and disloyal white neighbor participates in making laws for his government? What is the logic that denies to a son the right to vote with or against his father, because it has pleased Heaven that he should partake more largely of his mother's than of that father's complexion? And is it not known to all of us that well-nigh forty per cent. of the colored people of the South are children of white fathers, who, after we subjugate them, will, with professions of loyalty only lip deep, enjoy the right of suffrage in the reconstructed States? Shall he, though black as ebony be his skin, who, by patient industry, obedience to the laws, and unvarying good habits, has accumulated property on which he cheerfully pays taxes, be denied the right of a voice in the government of a State to whose support and welfare he thus contributes, while the idle, reckless, thriftless man of fairer complexion shall vote away his earnings and trifle with his life or interests as a juror? Shall the brave man who has periled life, and may-hap lost limb, who has endured the dangers of the march, the camp, and the bivouac in defence of our Constitution and laws, be denied their protection, while the traitors in the conquest of whom he assisted enjoy those rights, and use them as instruments for his oppression and degradation? Shall he who, in the language of my amendment, may be able to read the Constitution of the United States, and who finds his pleasure in the study of history and political philosophy, whose integrity is undoubted, whose means are ample, be voiceless in the councils of the nation, and read only to learn that the people of free and enlightened America, among whom his lot has been cast, sustain the only government which punishes a race because God in His providence gave it a complexion which its unhappy members would not have accepted had it been submitted to their choice or volition? And can he who will answer these questions affirmatively believe that governments are instituted among men to secure their rights, that they derive their powers from the consent of the governed, and that it is the duty of a people, when any government becomes destructive of their rights, to alter or abolish it, and establish a new government? Sir, our hope for peace, while we attempt to govern two-fifths of the people of one half of our country in violation of these fundamental principles, will be idle as the breeze of Summer or the dreams of the opium-eater.

In this connection let me call the attention of the House to a fact to which I have already invited that of many members and other distinguished gentlemen. By the census of 1860 it appears that South Carolina had but 291,300 white inhabitants, and 412,408 colored. Among the former, we have no reason to know or believe that, since the death of Pettigrew, there is a single loyal man; while the latter, we have no reason to doubt, are all as loyal as Robert Small, the patriot pilot of Charleston harbor. Are we to declare that one white citizen of South Carolina is entitled to more weight in the councils of the nation than two citizens of a Northern State; and are the 291,300 to be vested with the absolute government of 703, 708? Is the entire loyalty of that State to be confided to the tender mercies of the chagrined and humiliated, but unconverted and devilish traitors of the State that engendered and inaugurated this bloody rebellion? And shall they who have fought for our flag, sheltered our soldiers when flying from loathsome prisons, guided them through hidden paths by night, saving them from starvation by sharing with them their poor and scanty food, and whose unceasing prayer to God has been for our triumph, be handed over to the lash, the iron collar, and the teeth of the bloodhound, to gratify our pride of race and propitiate our malignant foes?

Again, the census shows that Mississippi, in 1860, had but 350,901 white inhabitants, and 437,404 colored. Disloyalty was almost as prevalent among the white men of Mississippi as among those of South Carolina. But who has heard from traveller, correspondent, returning soldier, or other person, that he has found a colored traitor within the limits of that State? And shall we, ignoring our theory that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," say to the majority in these States, "Stand back! time and labor cannot qualify you to take care of yourselves? We spurn you for the service you have rendered our cause, and hand you over to the degradation, the unrequited toil, the slow but sure and cruel extermination which your oppressors in their pride and madness will provide for you?"

And mark you, Mr. Speaker, again, how nearly the races are balanced in Louisiana, Georgia, and Alabama. In Louisiana there are 357,456 whites, and 350,546 colored people. Of whites in Georgia there are 591,550, and of colored people there are 465,736. In Alabama the whites number 526,271, while there are of colored 437,930. And in Florida there is the same near approach to equality of numbers, the white population being 77,747 and the colored 62, 677. Are these people by our decree to remain dumb and voiceless in freedom? They are no longer slaves. War and the high prerogative of the President, called into exercise by the war, have made them free. Will you inflict upon them all the miseries predicted for the free colored people of Tennessee in the extract which I have read to you? No, rather let us bind them to our government by enabling them to protect their interests, share its power, and appreciate its beneficence. This we can do, and the alternative is to so degrade them that they will prove an annoyance and an object of distrust to their white neighbors, an element of weakness to the government, and a constant invitation to diplomatic intrigue and war by the ambitious man who dreams of a Latin empire in America, and who, following the example of the States of Central and South America, will accept the descendant of Africa as a Basque and a citizen of his proposed empire.

And here it may not be amiss to pause for a moment and contemplate some ulterior consequences of our action on this subject. Trained in the school of Democracy, I am a believer in the "manifest destiny" of my country. Having regarded the acquisition by Mr. Jefferson of the Louisiana territory as wise and beneficent, though unwarranted by the Constitution, beholding great advantages in the acquisition of Florida, and having believed that, without war, could we have patiently waited, Texas would have come to us naturally as a State or States of the Union, I am used to dreaming of the just influence the United States are to exercise, from end to end of the American continent. Among the most ephemeral products of our era will be the Franco-Austrian empire in Mexico, if we be but true to our own principles in this season of doubt and perplexity. Our infidelity to principles alone can give it perpetuity. Within its limits the question of color is not a political or a social question; it is purely one of taste. There, as in Central and South America, the colored man is a freeman. And we are to determine whether the sympathies of these millions of people within our own borders are to be with the government whose supremacy they have aided in reëstablishing or with the wily and ambitious man who will pledge them citizenship on condition that they aid him in carrying the limits of his Latin empire to the northern boundary of the Gulf States of America. To them the United States or Mexico will be the exemplar nation of the world. Before her ruder laws all men are equal. Let ours be not less broad or just.

The tropical and malarious regions of Central America have, during the prevalence of slavery, seemed to be the natural geographical boundary of our influence in that direction. Tropical regions are not the home of the white man. They were not made for him. God did not adapt him to them. They are prolific in wealth, invite to commercial intercourse, yield many things necessary to the success of our arts and industry, and will one day afford a market for immense masses of our productions. But we cannot occupy them; we cannot develop their resources. Nor can the negro, in the ignorance and degradation to which we have hitherto doomed him. We have at length made him a soldier, and if need be he will carry our arms and our flag triumphantly over that to us pestilential region; and, if we make him a citizen; open to his children the schoolhouse; give him the privilege of the workshop, the studio, the hall of science; admit him to the delights and inspirations of literature, philosophy, poetry—in brief, if we recognize him as a man and open to him the broad fields of American enterprise and culture, he will see that nature has given him the monopoly of the wealth of that region, and will bless the world by making himself the master of it. By this means, and this alone, can we extend our influence over that region, and prepare for the ultimate Americanization of those drained by the Orinoko, the Amazon, and the Parana. As a citizen, nature will prompt the colored man to achieve these grand results. But if we leave the race a disfranchised and disaffected class in our midst, numbering millions, and embracing hundreds of thousands of men who in pursuit of freedom have bared their breasts to the storm of battle, and who are no longer debarred by statute from access to the sources of thought and knowledge, they will, let me reiterate the fact, be a ready and powerful ally to any power that may be disposed to disturb our peace and that will promise them the enjoyment of the rights of men as accorded to every citizen by its government.

But it may be said, "history vindicates your theory; our fathers did mean that the black man should be a citizen and a voter; to deny him his rights is illogical as you have suggested; it would be better to secure his loyalty to the government by its even-handed justice, but such an act would exasperate the Southern people, and we do not think it wise to do that; his race is inferior; and, in short, we will not do it." Who says his race is inferior? Upon what theatre have you permitted him to exhibit or develop his power? Give him an opportunity to exhibit his capacity, and let those who follow you and have before them the results he produces in freedom judge as to his relative position in the scale of human power and worth. To whom and to what do you say the American negro and mulatto are inferior? Was our government fashioned for the Caucasian alone? Will you, as Theodore Tilton well asked, exchange the negro for the Esquimaux, for the Pacific islander, for the South American tribes? Will you exchange our negroes for so many Mongolians, Ethiopians, American Indians, or Malays? I apprehend that the universal answer to these questions will be in the negative; because, oppress them as we may, we rate the American negroes as next to our own proud race in the scale of humanity. And shall we erect around our civilization, our privileges, and immunities, a more than Chinese wall? Shall America, proud of her Democracy, become the most exclusive of all nations of the world? Or shall she carry her faith into her life and become the home of mankind, the empire of freedom, and, by her example, the reformer of the world?

Let us frankly accept Jefferson's test as to the right of suffrage, and give it practical effect. In a letter dated July 12, 1816, in discussing a proposed amendment to the Constitution of Virginia, Mr. Jefferson said:

"The true foundation of republican government is the equal right of every citizen in his person and property, and in their management. Try by this as a tally every provision of the Constitution and see if it hangs directly on the will of the people. Reduce your Legislature to a convenient number for full but orderly discussion. *Let every man who fights or pays exercise his just and equal right in their election.*"—*Jefferson's Works*, vol. 7, page 11.

And again, in a letter written April 19, 1824, he said:

"However nature may, by mental or physical disqualifications, have marked infants and the weaker sex for the protection rather than the direction of government, yet *among men who either pay or fight for their country no line of right can be drawn.*"—*Works*, vol. 7, page 345.

And again, as if to show how well-considered his opinion was, in the Notes on Virginia, speaking of the then Constitution of that State, he said:

"This constitution was formed when we were new and inexperienced in the science of government. It was the first, too, that was formed in the whole United States. No wonder, then, that time and trial have discovered very capital defects in it:

"1. The majority of the men in the State *who pay and fight for its support* are unrepresented in the Legislature, the roll of freeholders entitled to vote, not including generally the half of the militia or of the tax-gatherers."—*Works*, vol. 8, page 359.

By adopting this sound test, which, be it remembered, was the only one recognized by the fathers, and adhering to it, our practice will harmonize with our theories, and the repugnance between the races will gradually disappear. Wealth and power conceal many deformities, and will make the black man less odious to all than he now seems. Thus will consistent adherence to principle give strength and peace to our country.

But if, on the other hand, we ignore the rights of these four million people and their posterity, the demon of agitation will haunt us in the future fearfully as it has in the past. The appeals of these millions for justice will not go forth in vain; and the liberal, the conscientious, the philanthropic, the religious, now that our Christian Church recognizes her long off-cast child philanthropy, will be found in hostile array against what the commercial and planting interests will regard as the conservatism of the day; and though we find that we have buried the slavery question, our peace will be disturbed by the negro question constantly, and fearfully as it has been by the struggle between slavery and free labor. To which party ultimate victory would be vouchsafed in such a controversy I need not ask, as the nation acknowledges that God still lives and is omnipotent.

Speech Hon. M. B. Lowry.

[In the Pennsylvania State Senate, Feb. 7th, the bill, introduced by Senator Lowry, forbidding the exclusion of any race of people from the cars of the passenger street railways of the Commonwealth, being under consideration, Senator Latta, of Westmoreland, interrogated Senator Lowry as to whether he was in favor of "giving negroes the same political rights which the white people of this State now enjoy?" In reply, Senator Lowry said:]

MR. SPEAKER, the Senator interrogates me as to whether I would give the elective franchise to the colored man. I am not a man to dodge an issue when fairly presented. And I am glad the Senator has made the interrogatory, because it fairly presents an occasion for me to state my position on a question that is soon to come up for the consideration and determination of the American people. This question is soon to enter into the politics of the country—it cannot be dodged or postponed. I am an anti-slavery man. I am such because I am willing to concede to every other man made in the image of his Maker the rights I claim for myself. I insist that human rights, as such, are not contingent on race, condition or color. This principle lies at the foundation of our republican system. This idea gave birth to the Republic; it is organic and fundamental. Standing upon this basis-principle, I am free to declare that I *am* in favor of granting the same political franchises to the black man that I would bestow on the white man. I am opposed to all arbitrary distinctions between man and man. I am opposed to making *color* a test of citizenship. For, if we rightfully may institute a test so purely despotic as this, I can see no end to the arbitrary tests that might be devised and set up. It is better to be guided and governed by reason than by prejudice. I would not enfranchise a man simply because he is white, nor make him an outlaw simply because he is black.

There is but one test, sir, that can be rightfully instituted, in deciding who should be and who should not be entitled to the elective franchise. It is not race nor complexion—it is simply *education*. He is entitled to the ballot who can use it *intelligently*, and he is *not* entitled to it who cannot so use it, whether he be white or whether he be black. There is but one rule to apply in the case, which will stand the test of reason and common sense, it is simply this: *Give the ballot to all who can read, and deny it to all who cannot.* I would not confer political power, indiscriminately, on whites or blacks. I would give it to the black man who can read, and refuse it to the white man who cannot. I would give it to the intelligent white, and withhold it from the ignorant black. All true government is based on the intelligence of its subjects. No government can long withstand the pressure of human progress that rests on any other basis. The test which I have named, namely, the capacity to *read*, seems to me to indicate the lowest measure of intelligence compatible with the public safety, and it is therefore the easiest and the best.

Negro suffrage is not an untried thing in this country that it should be feared. There is no good reason why men should be weak-kneed, timid or terror-stricken about it. New York has long permitted her colored citizens to go to the polls, and it has been truly said that but for the negro vote in that State at the last election, Horatio Seymour would still disgrace the Executive Chamber of that Commonwealth. The people of the Empire State owe their political salvation to the colored voters, and we *all* owe them, for this meritorious work, our sincerest thanks and our profoundest gratitude. Maryland and North Carolina, and all of the old States, except South Carolina, long ago gave the ballot to their colored populations.

I consider this matter of enfranchisement of the negro to lie at the very foundation of the whole question of the reconstruction of the rebellious States. The colored people of the South are universally the true friends of the government. Their loyalty can never be questioned—their fidelity to the flag can always be relied on. They are the only loyal class, as a class, North or South, East or West. Is it wise, is it safe, is it politic to give back the government of the Southern States wholly into the hands of subjugated and half-repentant rebels, revengeful and smarting under the sting of defeat, and leave this large element of colored loyalists helpless in their hands, bereft of political power, denied all voice in making the laws which are to govern them and at the mercy of cruel and oppressive legislation? Shall we cast off our friends and tried friends, and take back to our embrace the people who have betrayed their trust, conspired against their government, have broken millions of hearts, murdered our brothers, starved to death our sons, and who have not destroyed the Republic only because the Republic is the strongest? Such a course would be the acme of folly—the climax of madness. It would be as unsafe as it is unjust. On such a plan, the black man, freed by the general government, would have no means of defence against his former tormentors. He would be the subject of political disabilities and oppressive rules which would crush him into a condition well-nigh as unbearable as slavery itself. *But enfranchisement is the antidote of slavery,*

Give a people a free ballot and you cannot enslave them. Rob them of it, and the way is open for them to become the victims of all possible wrong and outrage. There is another view to be taken of this question. The government has been driven by stern necessity to call upon the negro to take up arms against the foe. Gallantly has he obeyed the summons—a summons long eagerly waited for—and has done brave battle for the government that has been wont in the past to ostracize him and refuse him protection. What now shall be the reward of the black soldier for this noble work and sacrifice? Rob him of all political power, say those whose prejudices are stronger than their love of justice! But we cannot as a nation afford to do this. We are amenable to God and to the civilized world for our conduct. We are not strong enough to defy the one or to do violence to the considerate judgment of the other. For Heaven's sake let not the world witness the spectacle of a great nation calling, in its extremity, upon the negro to help save the country, and then, when the foe is vanquished and the danger past, coolly refusing to give its own soldiers a voice in the government which they have helped to save!

I may be asked, in this connection, whether I would extend social equality to the colored race. Social equality is a matter of individual taste and opinion. *Social* rights are not regulated by law, while *political* rights are wholly contingent upon legislation. I choose my associations entirely without regard to the statute-book. It does not necessarily follow that my daughters must marry every man whom I claim to be endowed with the same inalienable rights that I am. There are many *white* people with whom I do not care to enter into very close and intimate social relations, to say nothing of the entire race of *black* people. I have the right to regulate my own personal alliances and associations, and I concede that right to every other man. As between black loyal faces and black disloyal hearts, I prefer the former.

Mr. Speaker, the Southern view of this question is not the only one. It is clear to every mind, that the right to the elective franchise must either be abridged or extended. The rapidly increasing foreign emigration admonishes us of the necessity of some offset or defence against imported ignorance, infidelity and superstition. We cannot *abridge* the franchise. No party can stand in this country that seeks to curtail the rights of intelligent freemen. The only safety lies in an *extension* of the right. The true balance and offset to the Southern rebel and disloyal Northern and foreign votes is the negro vote. Instinctively they would be arrayed on opposite sides, and each would check-mate the other. It will not do to confer full political power on the foreigner who cannot read the United States Constitution or the Lord's prayer, and deny it to the negro who reads both. It will not do to give the ballot to the people who have been freshly thrown upon our shores, and withhold it from native-born Americans! As a nation we have persistently refused to do anything in behalf of the colored man unless driven by absolute necessity. Every act of humanity, justice and decency toward the black race has been wrung from us by the stern and steady hand of Providence. That hand still points the way. Truth is "marching on." We gave the negro freedom in the Territories—he must and will have freedom throughout the States. We gave him admittance as a witness into the courts—we must also admit him into the cars. We gave him back his natural rights—he is entitled to political rights as well. We gave him the bullet—we must also give him the ballot. For if he has a right to use the cartridge-box against the common enemy, he has the right to use the ballot-box for the same purpose.

In the promulgation of these sentiments, I may stand alone. I do not claim to speak for the party with which I am identified. I did not speak for my party when, at the very outbreak of the war, I advocated the arming of the negro. But my party is now a unit upon that principle. The day is not distant, I trust, when it will put ballots in the hands of the black man, as it now puts bullets. Having entered upon the great work of national regeneration and reform, we must follow where Justice leads. We must see that our reform is logical—that the admission of one natural right involves the admission of all. This is to be a free Republic, and when the national fabric shall be rebuilt in all its grandeur, excellence and beauty, it will rest upon the eternal basis of ABSOLUTE EQUALITY BEFORE THE LAW.

THE BLACK LAWS.

From Harper's Weekly.

ILLINOIS has repealed her black laws, and indeed she could hardly help wiping the stain from her face when her neighbor Missouri was lifting her whole body out of the slough. The black laws of Illinois, although Illinois is a free State, were as much a part of the code of slavery as any slave law of Arkansas or Mississippi; for they were the work of what was called the Democratic party, and that party was the minister of slavery. In Illinois, for instance, all colored persons were presumed to be slaves unless they could prove themselves to be free; in other words, were held to be guilty until they proved their innocence: thus directly reversing the first human maxim of the common law. By another act, if any negro or mulatto came into the State and staid ten days, he was to be fined fifty dollars, and sold indefinitely to pay the fine.

We read such things incredulously, in the light of to-day. The wicked folly of selecting for outrage a special class of the population, and that class the most innocent and defenceless, is so like a caprice of Ashantee society, or a measure of Patagonian statesmanship, that it is quite impossible to believe that it was tolerated in the great, prosperous, and enlightened State of Illinois. It explains the curiously inhuman and heartless tone of Mr. Douglass in speaking of the colored race. He lived in the midst of this senseless and fierce prejudice, and he rose by pandering to it.

The black laws of Illinois were another proof of the fearful demoralization which slavery had wrought in this country, and upon which it counted for easy success in its rebellion. When slavery saw that Pierce and Buchanan, two successive Presidents, were its most abject tools; when it saw every Northern city ready to take by the throat any man who fiercely denounced it; when it saw even in Boston a rich merchant and noted citizen named Fay, with the Mayor of the city, turning a meeting for condemnation of slavery into the street; when it read such laws as these of Illinois; when it saw the city of New York cringing beneath its frown and fawning upon its contemptuous smile, how could it help believing that Franklin Pierce wrote the truth to J

dent's unswerving faith and cheerful good sense—if they had but their own moderate share of the steady earnestness of the people, they would spare themselves much dismal croaking and their friends an incessant indignation. What was probably true upon a consistent view of the President's whole course is now proved by his own word. In his Message upon the conference he says distinctly that he did not know what Mr. Blair wished to say to the rebels. His word disposes of that assertion. The correspondence he transmits shows exactly how much he flinched or was disposed to falter, and effectually annihilates the idle slander that he will betray the national honor in the least degree.

Indeed, nothing but the foolish assumption of four years ago, that Mr. Lincoln was unfit for his office, can excuse such aspersions and reflections upon his honesty and capacity as are implied in the kind of twaddle of which we are speaking. Those who cling to that assumption reveal their incapacity to judge of public men and affairs. If there is any man in the country who comprehends the scope of the war more fully than the President, who is he? If any man in the country has shown greater skill and sagacity in dealing with the rebellion, where is he? If there is any public man now living in the United States whom the gossips of which we speak would place in Mr. Lincoln's chair, what is his name? We venture to say that there is no man in our history who has shown a more felicitous combination of temperament, conviction, and ability to grapple with a complication like that in which this country is involved than Abraham Lincoln.

When the war began there were impatient people who cried, "Oh, for an hour of Jackson!" But does any man who truly comprehends the character and antecedents of this great struggle, and the infinite patience and wisdom which the settlement of its various questions demands, really think that Andrew Jackson's qualities were those which the situation requires? Is the great fact of no significance that the vast and threatening opposition to the policy of the Administration has crumbled away before the steady development of that policy, and crumbled without the least yielding of the Administration? Is it an incident of no meaning that, in the week of the passage of the Emancipation Amendment by Congress, S. S. Cox, a representative of a kind of "war Democracy," moves the thanks of Congress to the President, and in the same week the notorious Fernando Wood, the most unscrupulous demagogue and "peace" apostle in the country, declares for strenuous war? Is it nothing that the shrewdest journals of the Opposition, which, from the first shot of the war, cried out with Horatio Seymour that to touch slavery was to destroy the Constitution, now complacently announce that the Constitutional Amendment was always a "Democratic" measure, and that the Democratic party was always an anti-slavery party? Does anybody mean seriously to assert that the active head of an Administration which, in a country like this, frenzied with party-spirit like ours, torn for four years with a vast sectional civil war, and incessantly menaced with foreign interference, has directed public affairs until the army and navy are everywhere victorious, and the most malignant opponents of the war now openly advocate it and thank the President, who has carried steadily forward a policy which they have steadily denounced—does anyone mean gravely to assert that such a head is a shiftless, undecided man, ready to sacrifice any principle, forever mousing round for peace, and anxious to buy it at any price?

There is no man of us all probably who wishes for peace more earnestly than the President. There is certainly no man who is so little likely to surrender any essential point to secure it. The purpose in the war, which he understands the people to cherish, he has plainly iterated and reiterated. The conditions upon which peace is possible, and without which it is impossible, he has as often repeated. Peace cannot be made upon the sly or in a corner. Shall we not say plainly, what every loyal citizen sees with pain, that it is the *Tribune*, which has so long and nobly fought the good fight against the subversion of the government by the Slave Power, that now speaks of peace in a strain of cringing obsequiousness to the slave lords in rebellion, which inevitably suggests that it would be willing to make peace upon terms of concession to those lords which the President and all faithful citizens would reject with scorn?

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1865.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE NEGRO.

We have had frequent occasion to accept the sneer of the adversary as to the Irrepressible Negro, and to show that it contained a truth which would be sure to plague its inventors. Long years before he had engaged us in this war we used to demonstrate that the Negro was indeed Irrepressible, and that he would persist in mixing himself up with our history in spite of all the best laid plans to keep him out of it. For many years he has been a Power on Earth, none the less potent because unrecognized and persistently winked out of sight. All our public policy for the last forty years, and more, has been based upon his condition and made subservient to keeping him safely in it and to opening a wider field for his enjoyment of it. Indeed, we might go back much farther than that, and discern his sable finger in the treaty for the purchase of the Orleans Territory, which has blossomed into so many Sovereignties of which he was the prime minister. He privily prompted Clay and Calhoun when they bullied President Madison into the War of 1812 with England. He dictated the first Tariff after the Peace of 1815 as a supplementary attack on whatever of Northern Commerce that war had left, an Appendix to the Non-Intercourse and the Embargo. And then he counselled its gradual repeal in 1833 by the threats of rebellion and nullification which he caused to be bellowed forth. We need not point out his intrusive presence in the Missouri Compromise, the Annexation of Texas, the Mexican War, the Fugitive Slave bill, the Kansas *imbroglio*, the Repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and so forward to the Secession, sealed by the first cannon-ball impressed on the walls of Sumter. Had there been no Negro, or could he have been repressed, there would have been no need of any of these acts. Our country would have remained our whole country, without any thought of dismemberment on the part of anyone. All the blood and gold that has been poured forth so lavishly might have been saved and the country have been gloriously prosperous and triumphantly in the van of civilization, had no slave existed on her soil. But the Negro was here and he could not be repressed, and the existing Situation, with all the prospects and hopes it opens to us, is the consequence of these two predominating and inseparable facts.

Having mixed himself up in this manner with the whole process of our history culminating in this war, the Negro has been no less omnipresent and omnipotent in the process of its carrying on. He has been always in the way, and neither Mr. Seward nor Gen. McClellan could eliminate him from our affairs either by Diplomatic Correspondence or by the force of the Iron Hand. There he was, and we could neither refuse to see him nor devise what to do with him. At last he settled the matter for himself by the excess of his irrepressibility which so entangled our early policy, until the genius of Gen. Butler cut the knot and transformed him into a Contraband, from which the transition to a Freedman was natural and inevitable. It was to no purpose that Generals gave him up to rebel masters to be whipped to death, and that common soldiers swapped him away for sheep, he would continually "turn up" again and compel us to take notice that there he was complicating our schemes and demanding that something be done with him. So by degrees he forced his way into our armies and laid hold of musket and bayonet, and at last demonstrated that the Proclamation and the Amendment were the only effectual methods of repressing him within convenient limits. And all this time, he has been no less a thorn in the rebel side, and equally obtrusive in their matters, until Gen. Lee demands that arms shall be put into his hands as the only way of saving the rebellion, with Emancipation as the only logical or possible consequence. It is hard that such a price should have to be paid for the instruction of the North and the South as to the only way of extricating their political and social machinery from the disturbance of this vexatious element. The Abolitionists have for thirty years and more been showing them how it might be done without bloodshed and with nothing but advantage to all parties. And they have told the North and the South that there was but one way of escape from the present disgrace, and the future conflict that the presence of the Negro in his chains made inevitable, unless it were taken in time. And that was the way of simple justice and the rendering to every man his due. But though they uplifted the voice of wisdom in the streets, no man regarded them, or regarded them only as fools or fanatics, dangerous animals in either case, mischievous alike to public peace and to private profit.

And now that their prophecies have become histories, and that their voice has been heard over all the din of arms, and the word that was given them to utter has been accepted in the high places, and liberty has been proclaimed within the domain of treason, and the fundamental law of the nation in the process of amendment so as to make liberty its corner-stone, even now the Negro insists on mingling in our affairs and extorting attention to his demands, whether we will hear or whether we will forbear. He is not content with the recognition of his right to himself by President and Congress, with his admission to the profession of arms and to the tardy justice of equal pay and bounty with his white fellow-soldiers; he demands, in addition to these and other incidents of freedom, the supreme civil right of helping to mould and control the government under which he lives by the plastic force of the ballot. He holds that the gifts we have been compelled to give him will not be secure in his hands unless those hands be strengthened with the preëminent gift of citizenship. Else his destinies lie in other hands than his. This demand is even while we write agitating Congress and the Nation. The battle is fighting over Louisiana as she asks for readmission to the family of States, with a Constitution free from slavery, indeed, but with monopoly of government in the hands of white men. The Negro, by his strong-siding champion, Mr. Sumner, is on the floor of the Senate, fighting manfully for his rights of self-government as well as of self-ownership. Before these lines appear in print this question will have been settled, or left unsettled, for this turn. But, if the last, it is merely adjourned—scotched, not killed. The Negro will not down now more than in the old time, when he would come with twenty mortal murders on his head and push Senators and even Presidents from their stools. And small reason why he should, now that his emancipation is virtually conceded on all hands as an accomplished or an imminent fact, when he has arms in his hands and the mighty education of events is enlightening and strengthening his understanding. A power higher than that of human wisdom has conducted him to his present height of observation, from which he discerns the Promised Land of Freedom and Equal Rights lying stretched out before him, and he feels assured that that guidance will not be withdrawn until he shall have entered in and possessed it. Why should he now hide himself, at the very culminating moment of his successes?

We know that there are technical difficulties, as well as ingrained prejudices, which stand in the way of his sudden success. There is a question, whether Congress has the right to dictate to a State applying for admission the details of its polity? Whether States which refuse the Negro his right of suffrage at home can lawfully or consistently tell another State to stand farther off and come not into their holier company till she has purged herself of a political sin which they roll like a sweet morsel under their own tongues? And, then, on the other hand, we can see that a distinction may well be taken between a Territory applying to be erected into a State, under the old condition of affairs, and a rebel State which had justly forfeited not only its political existence, but the right to life and property of all its inhabitants, and which comes suing for political restoration. We think that it might be well maintained that in such a case Congress would be empowered and justified in exacting such conditions as shall seem to it essential to the permanent peace and sure prosperity of the whole country. But we will not enter now into the discussion of these knotty points. But we would inform the majority in Congress, if a majority exist against the equal political rights of the blacks with the whites in the restored rebel States, and also the majority in those States, if they remain in the mind of such exclusion, that they are kicking against the pricks, and that it is the part of prudence as well as of justice to cease from that vain recalcitration. The Negro has been Irrepressible under the most untoward circumstances, and he has forced his way up to the point where he now stands in spite of them. All and sundry may as well make up their minds that he will prevail in this matter also. They are merely laying up for themselves wrath against the day of wrath, and sowing the wind with the due certainty of reaping the whirlwind. This matter of the political and civil rights of the negroes will be a constant source of agitation and vexation, at the South and at the North, in Congress and out of it, until they have been accorded to them. There will be no peace in the borders until this wrong has been righted. The point of wisdom is to submit gracefully to a concession which will be certainly extorted if it be not yielded. Every discussion makes the end the more certain and the nearer. Prejudice is mighty, but it is not unconquerable. An amendment to the Constitution forbidding any State to make distinctions among its inhabitants because of their color is now infinitely more likely than the one forbidding slavery appeared a short year ago. We hope Congress will do all that it lawfully can in this direction, and we advise the repentant States to bring forth the fruits meet for repentance, by bringing clean Constitutions with them when they knock at the door. Their admission will be the easier, and they will find that this virtue of justice, like other virtues, is its own reward.

Miss Anna E. Dickinson's lecture at Plymouth church, in Brooklyn, last week, on "Woman's Work and Wages," being a plea for more work and better pay for women, was heard with great pleasure and profit by a large audience, who will probably be more glad to greet her again in that city than ever before. Having heard Miss Dickinson many times, we are free to say that we never knew her to be more impressive, sympathetic, and all-conquering than in Mr. Beecher's pulpit, last week. Her constant and admirable opportunities of practicing her art have so improved her skill in handling both her subject and her audience, that her former decidedly Quaker-like and monotonous tone has been so successfully subdued that it now only appears in chance passages, and, like the Spring-ice of the river, it will by-and-by melt away altogether. Certainly the most accomplished of public speakers might have been abundantly content with the charm and spell wrought by this young enchantress upon the large audience which laughed and wept at her discourse in Brooklyn. If her late speech on politics at Cooper Institute was not equal to her usual success, certainly her appeal for women, given on the other side of the river, was, in point of impressiveness and solemnity, beyond the ordinary success even of the most successful speakers. We are all the more glad to chronicle this triumph because it was ungrudgingly acknowledged by an intelligent, sensible, and critical audience after a great performance, not by a man, but by a woman. If Mr. Beecher's introductory remark, that the right of a woman to speak in public was no longer a debatable question, met with any dissent in the audience before Miss Dickinson arose to her task, certainly the noble witchery by which she enchained her whole auditory for more than an hour must at last have removed all such doubt from all minds. Such a speech, from such a speaker, was a salutary sermon; and we envy not the temper of mind of any man or woman in that audience who was not touched, quickened, and bettered by that womanly appeal in behalf of woman's work and pay. Miss Dickinson will speak on the same theme at Cooper Institute on the evening of March 10.—*Independent.*

Anna E. Dickinson will deliver her lecture, "A Plea for Labor," at the Cooper Institute on Friday evening next, the 10th inst. Of all her lectures this is pronounced by competent judges the best.

MR. GARRISON'S RECEPTION IN NEWBURYPORT.

A remarkable meeting was held in Newburyport, Mass., on Wednesday evening, Feb. 22d, the anniversary of the birth-day of Washington. It was called to celebrate the passage by Congress of the Constitutional Amendment abolishing and forever prohibiting slavery, and to pay a tribute of respect and honor to William Lloyd Garrison, the pioneer and leader of the Anti Slavery Movement in America, in the place of his nativity. The Springfield *Republican*, speaking of this celebration, says:

"For many years after he began his moral crusade against slavery, Mr. Garrison was denied a hearing there. The churches and public buildings were all closed against him, and while his ideas have prevailed elsewhere, popular prejudice against him and his cause has always remained strong in his birth-place. But the conservatism of Newburyport has been neutralized and swept away by the slaveholders' war against the Union, and now in his old age, after a life of persistent devotion to the idea of human freedom and equality, Mr. Garrison was invited home to celebrate with his townsmen the abolition of slavery by war. He had trusted in moral means for the removal of the giant wrong, and was willing to labor and suffer for a consummation that should only be realized in some future age. But Providence has accomplished through the wickedness and folly of the oppressor what seemed almost hopeless by any moral influences, and the declining years of the anti-slavery pioneer are gladdened by the swift completion of the work of centuries. Unlike some of his disciples, Mr. Garrison sees the Divine hand in this great revolution, and accepts and rejoices in the great event. He is too large-hearted and earnest to cavil and murmur because the benefaction has not come according to this plan. He sees that the colored American is certain to be free, to be recognized as a man, to gain the opportunity and to grow up to the capacity and power of a citizen, and he is content."

We regret that we have not at hand a full report of this interesting celebration, but we are thankful at the same time for permission to print the following extract of a private letter, received by a gentlemen in this city, from a friend who was fortunate enough to be present on the occasion which he so happily describes:

"The meeting was a grand success. City Hall was crowded. Mr. Colby, editor of the Newburyport *Herald*, was chosen chairman. He delivered an eloquent half-hour dissertation upon the philosophy of reform—Lowell's "Lyric for the Times" put into prose—and then introduced Mr. Garrison in the most eulogistic manner for one who was erewhile a persistent opponent. Mr. Garrison's address was mainly written. Before commencing, he disclaimed the praises bestowed upon him, modestly and impressively, in much the same strain as at the anniversary in Boston. The place and the occasion seemed to inspire him, and his delivery was uncommonly forcible. The first portion of his remarks was autobiographical, and the audience listened with the profoundest attention and with the heartiest sympathy. Then followed a vindication of the position taken by the Abolitionists. The "Covenant with Death" was reiterated amid no expressions of dissent. He passed next to the present encouraging aspect of military affairs, was felicitously ironical on the rebel leaders, Toombs, Wise, Davis, etc., rejoiced over the Constitutional Amendment, and closed with a warm tribute to Whittier, who was expected to be present, but unfortunately did not appear—either from ill-health or extreme modesty. His beautiful hymn, written for the occasion, was then sung, and the meeting dissolved.

"Mr. Garrison was at first the guest of Mr. Richard Plumer, but on Thursday evening was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ashby, who kept open house for him, inviting all the townspeople. Subsequently, in company with Gail Hamilton and Lucy Larcom, who had visited Newburyport on purpose to attend the celebration, he visited the Quaker poet at Amesbury with a satisfaction which can readily be imagined. Among the auditors from abroad, who made special effort to attend the meeting of the 22d, may be mentioned a gentleman from Springfield, Mass., and an old lady, over eighty years of age, from Kittery, Me."

The Newburyport *Star* says:

"Everything conspired to make this holiday one of great interest. The good military news filled all hearts with elation. The skies were propitious. The popular gladness was expressed by the ringing of bells, the voice of cheerfulness, the unfurling of flags and street demonstrations among the boys, strongly suggestive of the 4th of July. But the great event was reserved for the evening. Everybody was on the *qui vive* to hear the long-absent son of Newburyport, the consistent, self-sacrificing, anti-slavery leader—William Lloyd Garrison. Long before the hour appointed every available seat was taken up.

"In his trenchant language, his profound earnestness, his reverent truthfulness, his bold or concealed irony, his tenderness of soul, the speaker found the means of holding unshaken the interest of the large audience, leaving with them an indelible impression.

"The singing for the occasion was furnished by a double quartette club, representing the different church choirs of the city, the whole under the management of Warren Currier, Esq., of the Prospect Street Church.

"At the close of the address, on invitation of Hon. John Porter, three hearty cheers were given respectively for the Constitutional Amendment and for the speaker of the evening.

"Mr. Garrison was surrounded by enthusiastic and congratulating friends, at the close of the exercises. He has the heartiest wishes of our community for the blessings of continued life and health."

HYMN BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Sung at the Newburyport Celebration.

Not unto us who did but seek
The word that burned within to speak,
Not unto us this day belong
The triumph and exulting song.

Upon us fell in early youth
The burden of unwelcome truth,
And left us, weak and frail and few,
The censor's painful work to do.

Thenceforth our life a fight became,
The air we breathed was hot with blame;
For not with gauged and softened tone
We made the bondman's cause our own.

We bore, as freedom's hope forlorn,
The private hate, the public scorn;
Yet held through all the paths we trod
Our faith in man and trust in God.

We prayed and hoped; but still, with awe,
The coming of the sword we saw;
We heard the nearing steps of doom,
And saw the shade of things to come.

We hoped for peace; our eyes survey
The blood-red dawn of freedom's day;
We prayed for love to loose the chain;
'Tis storm by battle's axe in twain!

Nor skill nor strength nor zeal of ours
Has mined and heaved the hostile towers;
Not by our hands is turned the key
That sets the sighing captives free.

A redder sea than Egypt's wave
Is piled and parted for the slave;
A darker cloud moves on in light,
A fiercer fire is guide by night!

The praise, O Lord! be Thine alone,
In Thy own way Thy work be done!
Our poor gifts at Thy feet we cast,
To whom be glory, first and last.

Wendell Phillips never faced a finer audience in Brooklyn than greeted him last week in the Academy of Music. Nor have we ever heard him when he uttered fewer words which cautious and hesitating auditors might have wished unspoken. Certainly he did not appear on this occasion as a critic and fault-finder, but as an eloquent enunciator of great truths, which now happily are not only salutary to feel, but palatable to hear. His theme—fitly chosen for Washington's birthday—was "Our Country, our Whole Country"; and his strain of remark, from beginning to end, was hopeful, magnanimous, and just. Having often heard him in a more pungent, sparkling, and characteristic vein, we never heard him make a speech more sensible or useful. On the platform, the orator still looks not a day older than ten years ago; and if his rhetoric is now somewhat less illustrative and poetic than then, and his manner a little less magnetic, yet his unequaled self-poise and statuesque elegance of bearing, heightened by a gentle fervor of delivery which kindles but not heats the speaker, render him unlike every other great American orator, and, on the whole, superior to every other. Moreover, beyond our customary admiration of his masterful utterances, the late occasion in Brooklyn wrought a renewal of our respect and reverence for the great and good man of thirty years' fiery trial, who stood within and behind that calm speech at the Academy, and who himself unconsciously constituted its chief impressiveness and solemnity.—*Independent.*

Negro Suffrage.—Our first page this week is almost entirely devoted to this important subject. It is scarcely necessary to commend to our readers the unanswerable logic and the eloquent appeals of Hon. Wm. D. Kelley, Rev. H. W. Beecher, and Hon. M. B. Lowry. On the other side of the question what is or can be said? It is supported not even by a show of argument, but only by prejudices at once unreasonable, vulgar and anti-democratic.

Our Boston Correspondence.

Boston, Feb. 27, 1865.

You have perhaps seen that a course of free Sunday evening lectures is now going on in this city, given in the Melodeon, under the auspices of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society of Boston. The second of these, lately delivered by Henry James (formerly of Newport, but now residing in Boston), was on "English and American Ideals." His estimate of the English nation seemed to correspond very nearly with that which Ralph Waldo Emerson has somewhere expressed, that the Englishman is more an Englishman than a man. Regretting, as we all do, the failure to sympathize with our nation in its present struggle, shown by many English people of high intelligence and excellent character, Mr. James says that they are not to be blamed for this indifference. The extent to which their minds are preoccupied, from childhood, with a conviction of the infinite superiority of their own widely different political and social system, renders them incapable of understanding ours. Bearing no ill-will to us, and really meaning to be just and fair in their judgment of us, they are blind as beetles in regard to the matters in question, and should no more be censured for this imperfection than other blind men.

The Englishman (according to Mr. James) thinks that citizenship is the highest and most important function of the human being; that man's most vital relation is that of "subject," in Church and State, bearing hearty and zealous allegiance to the lords spiritual and lords temporal who are appointed to rule over him. Now it certainly is possible to conceive of a higher and wider relation than this, namely, the relation of each to himself and to all his fellow-beings as "man," and the idea of an equality of rights among them all. This, Mr. James says, is the American ideal. Not that the mass of Americans act upon it, or even recognize it. Their lives, public and private, and their organs of public expression, show a shameful indifference to the requisitions of this noble principle. But this principle, by the force of circumstances providentially attending the origin of our nation, has found full expression in our Constitutions and Bills of Rights, so as to be accepted in theory even while violated in practice; and a fixed point being thus given upon which to agitate for practical reform, the whole course of our nation, however slow, has shown a progress in the right direction, giving hope of ultimate completion of the grandest and noblest of reforms among us.

The lecture, an admirable and instructive one, proceeded to show that, while the English ideal contemplated only external government, a judicious control of men by authorities in Church and State, the American ideal proposed to build up in every man such a character and such a principle as should dispose him to act equitably and kindly to all; first to be a law to himself, and next to administer that law in the interest of the neighbor as well as of himself. It bestowed caustic satire upon the leaders and followers of our political and ecclesiastical systems, but saw good hope of such advance and improvement as should make our nation a blessing and an example to the world.

There is in a late number of the *Commonwealth* an article by Elizur Wright containing two good things, namely; a statement of reasons why the Public Library should be open to the public on Sundays as well as other days, and a rehearsal of the claims of Mr. Vattemare to grateful remembrance among all who share the benefits of public libraries everywhere. It may be that a public so intelligent even as that of the Standard may need to be informed or reminded of our obligations in that quarter.

M. Alexandre Vattemare (who has only recently died, after thirty-five or forty years of labor in the accomplishment of his grand idea) was by birth a Frenchman, but by choice and character a citizen of the world, and one of its most useful citizens. He conceived the idea of establishing in every civilized nation a custom of friendly reciprocation with every other nation of all the products of literature, art and science which might be originated within its own bosom; of communicating freely to the rest of mankind the treasures of invention and discovery to which each country might give birth; of forming, in every city and town of each country, free public libraries, easily accessible to every citizen and resident; and of constantly enlarging and enriching each of these libraries by a system of exchange or donation of their duplicate works.

The mere statement of a plan of philanthropic effort is apt to fall to the ground fruitless. M. Vattemare wished to awaken a genuine interest in his plan among the governments and the people of all civilized countries. How to reach them, and impress upon them the enthusiasm he felt, was the question. How should he obtain means for the journeys, and the other expenses, of an undertaking so extensive?

He had one money-getting resource, by which he might have grown rich, had he chosen to devote himself to it, namely, a very remarkable skill in ventriloquism and legerdemain. Rather than see the failure of his noble scheme of philanthropy, he used this means to assist him in diffusing it. He travelled through every country of Europe, and through the United States, urging governments and people everywhere to establish libraries for the free use of their several communities, and to share freely with other nations the inventions and discoveries in art and science which each should originate. When M. Vattemare's means of travelling were exhausted, M. Alexandre gave a series of performances in ventriloquism and sleight of hand, better than were ever known before, until the requisite funds were obtained. In an alternation of these labors, as circumstances required, Alexandre Vattemare spent his noble and useful life. He obtained many promises of coöperation in the work upon which his heart was set, but was obliged to wait long for the accomplishment of them; so long, indeed, that, in many cases, those who are reaping the fruit of his labors have no knowledge of their benefactor. His, nevertheless, was the idea which called into being the numerous free public libraries which now are so extensively used in this country. The liberal hand of Joshua Bates founded the Public Library of this city, one of its greatest honors and blessings; but the idea which gave birth to this noble collection sprang from the mind and heart of M. Vattemare.

A meeting was held in the Melodeon last evening, to call public attention to the necessities of the "New England Hospital for Women and Children." This institution is now located at 14 Warren st., including not only that commodious house, but three smaller ones in the rear, fronting on Pleasant st., and affording good opportunity for the classification of patients. The establishment includes a Dispensary, giving treatment and medicine gratuitously to the poor. Cases of distress and suffering are received at once, without the formality of preliminary arrangements. Many of the patients, however, are women of education and refinement, able to pay for the services rendered them, and finding this institution preferable even to the admirably conducted Massachusetts General Hospital. When the attendance of intelligent and accomplished women physicians can be had, many women will of course prefer them for the treatment of the diseases peculiar to their sex. And the complete and unreserved confidence given by patient to physician under such circumstances gives the latter a better chance to apply remedial measures, and gives the former that trustful composure which is so needful to soul and body during the progress of convalescence.

This institution has been six years in existence, during the two last of which it has been an incorporated body. Six thousand patients have been treated by it during that time, and more than twenty-two hundred in the year lately finished. The Attending Physician, Dr. Marie E. Zakrzewska, is a most intelligent and accomplished woman, respected and consulted with by the best physicians and surgeons of this city. The Resident Physician, Dr. Lucy E. Sewall, daughter of Hon. Sam'l E. Sewall, was one of the early pupils of the institution, and has returned, after a course of successful studies in London and Paris, to reciprocate the benefits she formerly received from it. Patients have come to this Hospital from all parts of New England, and about half of them, thus far, have been of New England birth. The beds are now all filled, as they generally are. A portion of the inmates are always free patients. The lying-in department is an unspeakable advantage and blessing to the poor, and the unmarried woman who is expecting to be a mother can here receive the care which her situation demands, coupled with friendly sympathy, as needful to the soul as to the body. The institution is truly beneficent and Christian, in all its aspects.

The meeting of which I began to speak was addressed by Dr. Zakrzewska (pronounced Zakshefska), Rev. Robert C. Waterston, Rev. James Freeman Clarke, and Hon. Thomas Russell. The institution *needs* now about ten thousand dollars, but four times that sum could be most advantageously employed in its enlargement, both for the interests of patients and of medical pupils. Indeed the whole community would be immensely a gainer by the prosperity and increase of this Hospital, which is conducted on the most liberal basis, no conditions of society, sect or color being allowed to interfere with the admission of a patient.

North.

Our Washington Correspondence.

Washington, Feb. 26, 1865.

The Freedman's Bureau bill was defeated in the Senate on Tuesday night. There is very little hope of passing a good bill, Congress has so nearly expired. It is a more important defeat because two Committees have been at work ever since this Congress opened, endeavoring to frame a good bill—to agree upon a desirable measure of reform. At last a Committee of Conference agreed to a bill, the House passed it by two majority, and when it was brought before the Senate it was rejected. It is evident that those persons who have been so anxious to defeat the bill have been hard at work among Senators, in pressing their views upon them with so much success that the bill is dead, or practically so. The Senate has asked for another Committee of Conference, and it is barely possible that a bill will be agreed upon which will pass both Houses, but this is extremely doubtful. It is time that some *system* was adopted in our treatment of the freedmen. As it now is, each commander of a district has his own notions of how a freedman should be governed, and he acts accordingly. Gen. Banks's treatment of the colored race we all understand, as we do Gen. Saxton's. According to excellent testimony, the freedmen in Gen. Butler's department were subjected to the best treatment. His *system* was the best calculated to call forth the *manhood* of the negro. In many departments he is treated as if he were an article of merchandise, and I am sorry to hear that Gen. Ord is breaking up all of Butler's plans for the benefit of the freedmen in that department. He is compelling all able-bodied colored men to service in the army (such are the reports that reach me), and the schools are going to ruin. Shall we have the freedmen put under *one* system or a dozen? This is the question. The Senate has probably decided in favor of a dozen. It could not have done it intelligently, though it doubtless did it honestly.

The House has finally killed the Reconstruction bill introduced at the last session. The Opposition voted solid against it, and a number of Republicans did the same thing. The principal objection to the measure was the fact that, if it passed and became a law, it tied the government down to a particular policy or plan of reconstruction, which is not desirable. Congress may desire, under a particular set of circumstances, to recognize the State government of Tennessee or Louisiana, when it will refuse to recognize South Carolina as in the Union, upon the same terms.

Winter Davis made one of his strong arguments in support of the bill. It was somewhat contemptuous in tone even when it spoke of the President, and particularly so when it referred to the House. This did not help to pass the bill. It may pass the next Congress. It does not follow that Congress will not pass some such bill hereafter because it rejects the measure now. There is a decided disposition to postpone many of these questions to the next Congress, not because the members of this Congress are afraid to decide them, but because in their opinion it is more safe to wait awhile before deciding them. Mr. Davis's speech contained two paragraphs which state in forcible language his views of the Reconstruction bill:

"Sir, my successor may vote as he pleases. But when I leave this Hall there shall be no vote from the Third Congressional District of Maryland that recognizes anything but the body and mass of the people of any State as entitled to govern them, and to govern the people that I represent. And they who may wish to substitute one-tenth, or any other fractional minority, for that great power of the people to govern, may take, and shall take, the odium. Ay! I shall brand it upon them that in the middle of the nineteenth century, in the only free Republic that the world knows, where alone the principles of popular government are the rules of authority, they have gone to the dark ages for their models, reviving the wretched examples of the most odious governments the world has ever seen, and propose to stain the national triumph by creating a wretched, low, vulgar, corrupt, and cowardly oligarchy to govern the freemen of the United States—the national arms to guarantee and enforce their oppressions. Not by my vote, sir; not by my vote.

"If the majority of the people will not recognize the authority of the Constitution of the United States, what does the gentleman say who proposes these declaratory resolutions? That they shall come here without it? No, sir; but I would govern them for a thousand years first by the supreme authority of the Constitution which they have defied and will not acknowledge. And govern them how? Not by the uncontrolled will of this or any other President that ever lived, George Washington included. I would govern them by the laws that in the hours of their sanity they enacted, unaltered except so far as the progress of events requires that they should be altered; to the extent that we have proposed to alter them in our bill, and no further. I leave their own rules for their government, make the President appoint, under his official and public responsibility, the officers who are to execute them; and if they do not like to be governed in that way, let us trust that the prodigal will come one day to his senses, and humbly kneeling before the Constitution that he has vainly defied, swear before Almighty God that he will again be true to it."

Mr. Dawes of Mass.—one of the truest anti-slavery men in Congress—spoke very ably against the Reconstruction bill. He sympathizes with the views of the *loyal* citizens of the rebel States which have been brought back within our control, and is opposed to any system which will compel them to wait any longer than is absolutely necessary under the control (in their local affairs) of the General government.

There is one chance left in the House to open all our city railroads to the colored man. The railroads are petitioning Congress to amend their charters so that they can charge eight instead of five cents fare. The bill has been before the House two or three days, but has not yet reached a vote. The Senate sent it over with an amendment providing that no person shall be excluded from the cars of any road in this city because of color. The Republican Committee of the District of Columbia in the House deliberately *struck it out!* So the railroads are asking a Republican House to raise the fare to eight cents, while they are excluding colored persons from the cars. I should say *the railroad*, for the Metropolitan Road by its charter makes no distinction on account of color. The Washington and Georgetown railroad is before the House asking for higher fares, yet it excludes colored people from its cars. The President of that road asserts that he is not opposed to the Senate amendment, and we are bound to take his word upon the subject. So, then, if negroes are excluded from the cars of this road, it will be because a Republican House desires to have it so!

It should be remembered that at this very moment prominent Senators and Representatives are urging that Congress shall refuse to recognize the State government of Louisiana till colored men are permitted to vote in that State! The inconsistency is glaring, and should not exist longer. It *may* be proper enough to refuse to recognize any of the rebel States till their Constitutions are so amended as to permit black citizens to vote, but it would be well if by that time the same reforms were carried in the loyal States of the North.

The military situation is certainly very hopeful. Gen. Grant writes to an intimate friend in Congress that he is satisfied with the condition of our military affairs, and feels confident that the Spring campaign will accomplish the overthrow of the rebels. If Sherman can advance a few days longer, he says, we shall hear of something worth firing guns over.

There is no doubt that the rebel military leaders mean to fight one or two great battles in Virginia or North Carolina, and they are concentrating all their forces for that purpose, hoping to win a victory. A decided victory would give them more time, but would only protract the conflict. It could not avert the ruin impending. Gen. Grant will soon meet Lee, face to face, and his generalship will be put to a severe test. If we may judge by results, Jeff. Davis and Lee are not great generals or military men. They have failed in the Summer's campaign, taken as a whole. Lee has been successful in keeping Grant out of Richmond, and that is all that can be said in his favor. He has had a superior force to contend against, however, and must be closely watched. Grant will certainly do this, while Sherman fights a great battle in North Carolina—if the rebels dare fight him there.

Avon.

Crowded.—Want of room compels us to omit several articles prepared for this number. Correspondents must exercise patience.

Philadelphia Correspondence.

Philadelphia, Feb. 26.

A few days since, Frederick Douglass at Concert Hall, and Anna E. Dickinson at the Academy of Music, gave their words and thoughts to the people here. A vast audience thronged each place, and in each many were obliged to stand. Except in numerical volume the two audiences bore no other physical resemblance. Douglass spoke to the two complexions, whose representatives were about equally divided. Miss Dickinson's hearers belonged exclusively, I think, to the white race. But her appeals in behalf of the colored man before the white audience were no less eloquent and earnest than his before the mixed gathering. The people at Concert Hall were more uniform in sentiment and concurrent in enthusiasm than those assembled in the Academy of Music, but the outbursts of applause that greeted radical opinions, though not so general, were as hearty, liberal and spontaneous in the latter place as in the former. Mr. Douglass spoke on "Equality before the Law," which meant equal rights to all, with no restrictions upon any on account of difference in the color of the skin; fair play; even and exact justice. Miss Dickinson's theme was "A Glance at Our Future"—a future that would be radiant with glory, or tarnished with dishonor, according to our treatment, disposition and practical estimate of this same question of equality—this same idea of universal justice, untrammeled liberty, and the political recognition of the Anglo-African. The leading thought that glowed in the sturdy eloquence and blunt utterances of Mr. Douglass, around which all the others clustered in fraternal alliance, was the elective franchise for his race. This he enforced upon the attention of his listeners with the sustaining power of weighty argument and sound reasoning, in conjunction with the plain and effective suggestions of common sense. Miss Dickinson's cardinal thought, towering above the others, conspicuous among all that sparkled in her bold and beautiful words, not hidden, not partially concealed, but standing forth in palpable view unveiled, supported by stout language and noble argument, and urged with periods eloquent with pathos as well as with scorn, was this same duty of bestowing upon the colored citizen the right of suffrage. Mr. Douglass declared that the immediate, unconditional, universal enfranchisement of the negro, who, he said, was linked to the destiny of this nation as by hooks of steel, was the real cure for all our difficulties. He advocated his claim to the ballot because it was his right, and because it would prove to be the best thing for our country, augmenting its thinking and working power. Miss Dickinson would have this privilege extended to the colored man, not only because he is rightfully entitled to it, but because it is the key to our future safety in the practical operation of beneficent laws, acting as a counterbalance to that large political element which exists in the shape of the ignorant, depraved and imbruted people from the old world, who are controlled by the party that will filiate with the rebels after the Union is restored, and who are in thought, feeling, emotion, sentiment and by instinct, utterly averse to generous and progressive ideas, and opposed to the spirit of universal LIBERTY and equal JUSTICE, words that are to shine as the countersign of America as she passes on in triumph to the throne and empire of the world.

The audience at Concert Hall manifested its feeling in regard to this question of suffrage, by giving emphatic assent to a resolution offered by Alfred H. Love at the close of the lecture, which disclaimed complexional differences in granting its exercise. Mr. Douglass was the recipient of a beautiful pitcher, salver and pair of goblets, presented to him by the ladies of St. Thomas's Church, for their appreciation of his faithfulness and fidelity in the service he had rendered in behalf of their race. This presentation and his response thereto formed a pleasing episode in the evening's entertainment.

Oscar.

OBITUARY.

MRS. ANN HAYBALL.

Another true and faithful laborer in the cause of down-trodden humanity has departed. Arrested by the unrelenting messenger while actually engaged in her labors of benevolence, she has fallen at her post, a martyr to her untiring and unselfish efforts. On Tuesday evening, Feb. 7th, 1865, Mrs. Ann Hayball, wife of Samuel Hayball, of Adrian, Mich., departed this life, aged 46 years. On the Tuesday of the previous week, having just learned of the contemplated Freedman's Aid Fair in Detroit on the 28th inst., she occupied a large portion of the day in visiting different ladies of the city, prompting them to efforts in behalf of the enterprise, and urging them to do their part to make the Fair a success. In the evening, although far from well, having taken a bad cold during the day, she attended a lecture by Pres. Fairfield of Hillsdale College for the benefit of the Freedmen. She returned home sick, and one week later breathed her last.

For twelve years she has been identified with the anti-slavery movement, and an active supporter of the cause. In the Winter of 1862–3, during the darkest period of the war, and when little sympathy was felt for the escaped bondman, she, almost unaided, canvassed the city, soliciting donations for the contrabands, as they were then called. With the assistance of a few lady friends who met at her residence weekly and oftener, several hundred garments, were made from the donations received, which were taken in person by the subject of this notice, accompanied by a friend, to Cairo, Ill., and distributed among the suffering freedmen collected in that city. Few can understand or appreciate the amount of labor and perseverance necessary to accomplish

THE THIRTY-FIRST
NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY.

THE Managers of the Anti-Slavery Subscription Anniversaries, which now in various forms have reached the thirty-first of their series, congratulate themselves and their associates every where that the Anti-Slavery work has at length ceased to be an arduous and painful work, every where spoken against; that argument and exhortation are no longer necessary to convince the nation of the wrong of slavery. They congratulate the long-tried, faithful, unyielding anti-slavery workers of the land, wherever they may be living, North, East, West, or South, upon the accomplishment of the great desire of their hearts—the downfall of American slavery. They congratulate one another, and every friend of freedom and of justice, every friend of man and of God, in our own land and throughout the world, that this Babylon of power and cruelty, which so long exalted itself above God and above the nation, and which triumphed in its uncurbed power over its multitude of victims, HAS FALLEN. The ban of the Nation, which once and so lately bowed down before it, and which, in the language of Daniel Webster, "gave it solemn guaranties," is now AGAINST IT! The eyes of the blind (willingly so) are opened, the ears of the deaf are unstopped, the hands which hung down, self-bound, are unloosed, and the people, the true democracy of the land, educated by the thirty years' labors of the Anti-Slavery Societies, and by the equally needful and equally effective labors of individual Abolitionists in uncounted places, ways and methods, have decreed the destruction of Slavery and its prohibition forever. Solemnly, humbly, wonderingly, we thank God, whose mighty hand and whose outstretched arm have gotten us this victory! And we congratulate our country, always dear to us—never so dear as when rising in the might of justice and in the might of her millions of liberty-loving hearts to redeem the long past of shame and sin—that Slavery is cast out of our fair inheritance forever—that no longer shall it sit in the temple of God, claiming the homage and service due to him alone—that no longer shall it reign paramount in the halls of our national counsel and legislation, and there make mockery of republican principles and professions—that no longer shall it be a scandal and reproach to us in other lands; but that, by the decree of the American people, expressed in the majestic votes of their Senate and House of Representatives, sanctioned by the official recommendation of their President, and with the undoubted concurrence of their Supreme Court, Slavery is constitutionally abolished and prohibited throughout the land. Again, with full and grateful hearts, with a retrospect of the past in which all labor, suffering and sacrifice seem joyous, with anticipations of a future in which we discern every opportunity that could be desired for a just and complete development of the principles of the Declaration of Independence, we reverently bless the great name of God, and ascribe to Him, and to the wonder-working power of His righteous law, all the praise and the dominion evermore.

But we may be thought too sanguine. We speak, however, as led by the same light and moved by the same convictions which have guided us through the past. We know that the great act of National repudiation and prohibition of Slavery yet awaits the ratification of the States. But what unbelieving heart questions that ratification? Within three weeks after the passage of the Amendment by Congress, fifteen States had given it almost impatient welcome and full sanction—and among them were the old slaveholding States of Maryland, Missouri, and West Virginia. Shall we so distrust man and Providence as to imagine that this great work is here to stop? And when that ratification is given, Slavery—not all its direful effects and consequences, certainly, but *Slavery*—will be at an end in our land. And with the death and end of Slavery, the *Anti-Slavery* work, properly so called, must naturally and necessarily close. Then the work of those who, from principle and conviction, have been Abolitionists in regard to an existing system of oppression and iniquity, will, in the passing away of that system, assume new shape and form, and require for its most effective performance new methods and new channels.

We cannot see the once powerful despotism of slavery passing away from our country, and its eulogists and defenders in State and in Church, once so influential and powerful, humbled, hushed, set aside on every hand, or haply converted at length to the wiser and happier way, without calling to mind those brave souls who early espoused the cause of the oppressed, but whose earthly lives closed before seeing the end of their hopes and labors. How many generous and noble spirits have bled in unison with the sufferings of the enslaved, and for the wickedness and dishonor of the country! What wealth of thought and talent, what gifts of imagination and of speech have been freely brought and consecrated to this great, holy cause! Neither the boundary lines of nations, nor the waters of the sea, nor the limits of race, party, or sect could keep asunder those to whom the call came to help this great work of humanity. "Kings of intellect" were among them, and, better still, heralds of mercy, truth, and justice to the world. And they died, yet in faith, not having the promises, but seeing them afar off, and persuaded of them, and embracing them. What are we, that we should be permitted to see the sight, denied to them, of a country free forever from the rule and curse of slavery? What joy would have been theirs, what thanksgivings would have burst from their hearts and lips, could they have seen, as we see, the NATIONAL ABOLITION OF SLAVERY!

"How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light;
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

"How blessed are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found."

The new work which now opens so broadly before us, to establish the emancipated slaves in all the rights of manhood, of citizenship, of brotherhood, as equal children of One Creator and Father, is one which will not be likely to appeal in vain to any Abolitionist. But even they will find it in some respects a *new* work; if not new in its essential principles, yet certainly so in respect of the greater numbers with whom they will find themselves working, the special objects had in view, and the more abundant resources for attaining those objects. The tone of feeling and thought in the community is so greatly changed that the effort to repair the wrongs of slavery, to heal the wounds it inflicted on body and spirit, is to be by no means so difficult or circumscribed as was the effort to abolish slavery itself. For this new work, indeed, no other preparation could be so good, no discipline so thorough and appropriate, as that obtained in the school of anti-slavery effort for the last thirty years. On all sides we see, and rejoice to see, springing into active operation, the associated power which goes to the freed people, and teaches them the duties, the obligations, and the rights of manhood, and to their children the lessons of wisdom and truth; thus opening before them all a future of such hope and opportunity as not even the wildest dreamer would have dared, ten years ago, to anticipate for them. In such associations, or in others, as the necessity of the times may indicate and demand, will the members of the old Anti-Slavery Societies find scope to carry forward and complete, so far as completeness belongs to anything human, the work to which their earlier labors were so long devoted. Nor should the Anti-Slavery Societies be dissolved, as we are confident they will not, until by the action of the several States the constitutional abolition of slavery is fully certified.

The Anniversary Subscription Meeting, held at the Music Hall in Boston on the evening of Jan. 25th last, was a very pleasant and quite satisfactory one. It was not indeed agreeable to us to have any of our old and faithful allies absent themselves from the meeting, or come to it simply as spectators, because the ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD and the *Liberator*, in the performance of their duty to the anti-slavery cause, had, during the past year, sustained the great anti-slavery measures of the National Administration, and, in view of them and of the President's recoguized anti-slavery policy for the future, had given the weight of their moral judgment in favor of Mr. Lincoln's reelection in November last. Their withdrawal from active interest in the occasion undoubtedly caused a diminution of the anti-slavery donations; and it was alike a surprise and a grief to us that they should favor a policy of division in our ranks, at an hour especially when the great triumph of anti-slavery principles and efforts seems visibly approaching.

The brilliantly-lighted Hall, the moving throng of company upon the floor, from which the seats had been removed, the old anti-slavery banners floating from the balconies, the pealing organ, the groups of old and new friends animated by cheerful hopes of the onward march of Justice and Liberty in our land, and the various incidents of the evening, all conspired to make the meeting in the best sense satisfactory and pleasant. Early in the evening the following telegraphic message was received from our good and thoughtful friend, THEODORE TILTON, of New York: "*I have news that the Illinois Senate has abolished the black laws by four majority, and that the House will concur.*" The audience testified their delight by loud cheers, and warm congratulations at this striking evidence of the decay of old and cruel prejudice in the great State of Illinois. Two girls and a boy, of very light complexion and interesting appearance, were presented to the audience by Mr. D. S. King. They were from nine to fourteen years of age, had been slaves in Louisiana, but rescued from that condition and placed in the New Orleans schools established by Maj.-Gen. Banks. They sang together and recited some exercises, deeply interesting all who heard. Brief addresses were made by Rev. ROBERT C. WATERSTON and GEORGE THOMPSON, Esq., eagerly listened to by a large company. During the evening, the recently organized military company, known as the "Shaw Guards," composed of colored men of Boston, under the command of Capt. Lewis Gaul, marched into the Hall, and were duly announced as a part of the military arm of the old Bay State, and, being dismissed, became a part of the meeting during the remainder of the evening. Mr. MAY referred to the generous donation (five hundred dollars) which had again been made to the Society by Hon. SAMUEL GALE of Montreal, and moved that the cordial thanks of the assembly be tendered to Judge Gale for his liberal gifts, both of this and past years. The motion was sustained, and was adopted by the meeting by a unanimous vote. Among the newest objects of interest present were Johnston's crayon likeness of Mr. Garrison done with fine spirit, and Miss Edmonia Lewis's very beautiful bust of the late Col. Shaw, of the Massachusetts 54th Regiment.

The subscription-tables were faithfully attended by ladies of the Committee, and the contributions, made in aid of the AMERICAN ANTI SLAVERY SOCIETY, amounted to the sum of THREE THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED dollars.

From the numerous letters received by the Committee, the following selections and extracts are made, as full as circumstances permit.

And, first, we give the first response received, being from a well-known and highly respected citizen of Rhode Island.

WOONSOCKET, R. I., Sunday, Dec. 11, 1864.

To Lydia Maria Child, Mary May, Louisa Loring, and other ladies, so worthily engaged, and I may say successfully engaged, in the cause of Human Rights.

Honored and most Respected Ladies: I have this day read and re-read in the *Liberator* your well-written appeal to the public for funds to help carry forward the good work in which you have so long been engaged; and permit me to say, no higher object can claim the attention, countenance, and support of a well-wisher to the Human Race. When I say, females govern the world, I only say what every reflecting mind will assent to. In our infancy our mothers mould, shape, and in a great measure impress on our minds, whether for good or otherwise, that which must greatly influence our conduct in future life. I might go on to tell of the influence of young ladies, but I think I have the case already, and will only say, Go on, ladies, you have a great work still to do. You have my good wishes, and, as an earnest, I enclose my check on the American Bank, Providence.

And remain your friend, EDWARD HARRIS.

Next from an early, constant and vigilant Abolitionists, also of Rhode Island.

NEWPORT, Jan. 22, 1865.

To the Ladies of the Anti-Slavery Society:

Dear Friends: Accept the enclosed with my best wishes that your Festival may be all it ought to be under present auspices. I regret that, having been so long one of you, I cannot be one *with* you, on the happy evening when you mingle your thanksgivings and congratulations, that the glorious cause goes on "conquering and to conquer." But when the consummation has fully come, we shall have another meeting for the CROWNING of the *Liberator*, the chosen of God to lead his people out of bondage. To *that* meeting, if alive, I hope to come, to swell with my feeble voice your triumphant Hallelujahs that the "Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

Yours for the Truth, SOPHIA L. LITTLE.

Next, from one of like faith and good works in Connecticut:

FAIRFIELD, Conn., January 23, 1865.

Dear Friends: I enclose twenty-five dollars, to be used as the friends of the slaves see best.

I am thankful to see this day, and to be a contributor to the *work* which is not yet done. MARTHA SMITH.

From the letter of another devoted lady in Connecticut we make the following extract:

BROOKLYN, Jan. 12th, 1865.

My Dear Mrs. May: In response to your annual call, I gladly forward the enclosed, as my husband's and my own contribution to the cause we have loved so long and so *well*, the cause of Freedom and Humanity. May it indeed prove, as we confidently trust, "the last time" that effort in that direction to break the yoke of slavery will be needed; and then will we labor to make strong in knowledge and virtue those whom long years of oppression and degradation have made weak. M. E. WHITCOMB.

Could we fail to be cheered by such words as these from Central New York?

SYRACUSE, Jan. 20, 1865.

Respected and Dear Frends: I have received your invitation to the thirty-first Subscription Anniversary, and I long to accept it. But if I should do so, I could afford to contribute only a much smaller sum than I wish to the funds of the American Anti-Slavery Society, which we all mean to sustain until the giant evil which it opposes shall have been extirpated from our country. Knowing, therefore, as I do, that my money, though not a large sum, will be more acceptable to you, ladies, than my company, I send you enclosed a check for twenty-five dollars, being a little more than a journey, from my house to Music Hall and back, would cost me.

Ever since I lived in this, though a very pleasant place, I have sympathized not a little with those Jews of old, whom necessity compelled, or enterprise enticed, to live far away from Mount Zion; and have very often felt what a privilege it would be to have my home within a "Sabbath-day's journey" of Boston. There, or in its immediate vicinity, my Fathers, and "my kindred according to the flesh," have dwelt for many generations. And there still a large number of my brothers and sisters in spirit—the friends and helpers of my soul—have lived and still abide. Boston is the birth-place of most of the moral and religious reforms that have already blessed, and will in due time regenerate our beloved country. In several of them I have, from the beginning, been more interested than in the history of past ages, or the poetry of the classics. And to the leaders and confessors of those reforms I owe, it seems to me, more than to any beings excepting only my God, and his Dearly Beloved Son.

Especially do I account, as the most auspicious event of my life, my early acquaintance with William Lloyd Garrison, and, by the quickening influence of his spirit, my prompt espousal of the Anti-Slavery cause. It brought me into a blessed company of true-hearted, single-minded, morally-courageous, self-sacrificing men and women, with whom my communion was not only always sweet, but reviving, strengthening, confirming every good purpose of my soul. In the chambers of my memory are hung up vivid pictures, never to be dimmed while the light of memory shall last—pictures of many who have gone up into the more conscious presence of the God of the oppressed, to receive his gracious commendation; and pictures of many others, who still remain on earth, toiling in the good cause of universal and perfect liberty—who will, I hope, be allowed to stay until they shall have partaken of the joy that will crown the consummation of their work—the utter abolition of slavery, and the *enfranchisement* of the millions, to whom hitherto all the distinctive rights of man had been denied.

As I cannot be with you in person, dear ladies, on the 25th, and with the goodly company that I trust will then crowd Music Hall, I shall gather as many of you, and of the dear departed ones, as possible, within sight of my mind's eye, and with tender recollections of the past, and joyous anticipations of the near, as well as distant future, will sing to myself, if not to my family, some of the songs of our Anti-Slavery Zion.

I wish I could make you realize how truly, how gratefully, how affectionately I am

Yours, SAMUEL J. MAY.

Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, Mary May, Louisa Loring, Henrietta Sargent, Helen E. Garrison.

From a younger but not less devoted servant of Liberty, in the same great State, came these hopeful and inspiring words:

NEW YORK, Jan. 23d, 1865.

Mrs. L. M. Child—My Friend: In sending a token of remembrance to the Anti-Slavery Festival, let me say that in a recent journey of four thousand miles over the breadth of the land, I witnessed everywhere with glad eyes a holy anger of the people against slavery. Although in Congress the Prohibitory Amendment still remains an invisible hand-writing of milk, yet our fiery war must soon scorch it into legibility, and reveal it the perpetual law of the land. This Amendment will then abolish, not only Slavery, but the Anti-Slavery Society. Nor am I so fond of anti-slavery societies, or of Abolitionists, but that I hope soon to live in a happy country that has neither! Already the next great question opens: not, "*What of the slave?*" but "*What of the freedman?*" This question ought to be solved in advance. Plant your seed now, if you expect the fruit in future. In this country, the key to every man's rights is the ballot. Give the ballot to the negro on the same terms as to the white man. Why not? Is Justice blind, as poets say? Then let her see no distinction of color. I am opposed to negro suffrage; I am opposed to white suffrage; I am in favor of simple suffrage, without labeling it white or black. My theory is, grant the ballot to the white man, not on account of his whiteness, nor forbid it to the negro on account of his blackness; but deny it impartially to whites and blacks who cannot read, and grant it impartially to whites and blacks who can. Slave-auctions abolished, poetic justice would cut the bills of sale into ballots, and give the negroes a chance to vote against their ancient auctioneers! I would toss up my hat at the spectacle!

Yours for Liberty and Equality,
THEODORE TILTON.

Another gentleman of New York, never weary of helping the Anti-Slavery cause, writes as follows:

NEW YORK, January 12th, 1865.

Dear Friends: The National Anti-Slavery Subscription Anniversary returns, and brings with it your annual appeal. I have intended to answer it, but to-day we have the announcement of Freedom for Missouri, and thankfulness prompts me to do so now, while enclosing to you my contribution. "The Missouri Question" is at last settled without compromise, in the Providence of God; and the wall put before Kansas for the enlargement and defence of slavery becomes the area of freedom, and her companion and shield in supporting the rights of man. In how many ways throughout this war has the Monster seen verified those prophetic words: "In the net which he spread is his own foot taken!" It is a year to be much remembered, even if it should not prove to be the year of Jubilee.

Very sincerely your friend and fellow-citizen,
EDGAR KETCHUM.

To the Ladies of the Committee.

And still another New York letter shows how truly one German born may accept, and how heartily aid, all that is best in America.

NEW YORK, January 23d, 1865.

William I. Bowditch, Esq.: Please find enclosed five dollars, which I hope will buy at least one large nail to be used for the coffin in which the hideous monster of American Slavery shall be buried forever.

Respectfully, S. LASAR.

The following we read as if written at Nantucket, so long the home of the writer, the scene of so much anti-slavery effort and hospitality:

YONKERS, N. Y., 1 mo. 23, 1865.

My Dear Friend, L. M. Child: It gives me pleasure again to address thee.

Please accept the $30 enclosed, from myself and wife, for the Anniversary Treasury.

* * * I was deeply admonished of some of the laborers in the great work to which your best energies have been directed, as I selected from my correspondence of other years sundry files of letters, preparatory to a removal hither. As my eye rested upon these, how my thoughts were carried back to the early sacrifices of thyself and others; and, as I surveyed these mementoes, the beloved writers passed before me in grateful review. I will not enumerate the score or two of those who still survive; and I may only give a part of those who have passed away. Prominent among them are Isaac T. Hopper, Charles Marriott, Margaret Hyatt, Horace Mann, John Mott, Lydia B. Capron, Phebe P. Willis, Daniel Neall, and James Cannings Fuller. What a blessed memory these have left!

The impulse to preserve such a record of the past was irresistible, and I could but rejoice, as I looked over the manuscripts, that so large a proportion of the writers still remain to join in the congratulations of the day.

The Society of Friends has many representatives in this collection; and how applicable to some of those who have gone, and others who yet remain, is the significant testimony of Charles Lamb, when, in reference to a devoted pioneer of more than a century ago, he said—"Whoever would love the Quakers must be familiar with the labors and writings of John Woolman."

And my own dear Nantucket may claim a share of this beautiful tribute, in the remembrance of Elihu Coleman, Lucretia Mott, and Sarah H. Earle. The former was far in advance of the Society of which he was a member. I have the original manuscript of a searching testimony from his pen, written in 1729–30, in opposition to slavery and the slave trade, which was first published in 1733. And with reference to the latter, I was so impressed with her defence of W. L. Garrison and the *Liberator*, when that paper was attacked by an enemy, perhaps twenty years ago, that its remembrance is as vivid as if it were an event of yesterday. That defence was so powerful, and withal so dignified, that its results were most salutary to the large gathering, whose opposition she was so well calculated to overcome.

Neither of the two can everunite with us *here* in the song of joy and thanksgiving which shall follow the total overthrow, in our beloved country, of the "Barbarism of Slavery."

Years have rolled on since that memorable interview, and a brighter and better day has dawned. The *Liberator* and its Editor have passed the fiery ordeal, and "they still live." Surely, while the world moves onward, *these* will continue to be held in grateful remembrance.

Cordially, thy assured friend,
NATHANIEL BARNEY.

The letter from New Hampshire which next follows was perhaps not designed for publication; but we hope the honored friend who wrote it will excuse its appearance in this connection. Her patience, cheerfulness, and continued interest in the anti-slavery work during her long protracted trial by ill-health, admonish and instruct us, and cannot but be instructive to others. We look gratefully and reverently upon every word traced by her enfeebled hand, and with her impaired sight:

PETERBORO' (N. H.), Jan. 16, 1865.

Dear Ladies: I offer you my kind regards, and many thanks for the invitation to visit you at Boston, on the approaching anti-slavery anniversaries, but am compelled to decline this mental and moral treat so temptingly proffered—continued ill health confining me not only to my home but to my bed. Nearly four years have elapsed since I have thus been a prisoner. I am quite resigned to God's will, and rejoice that my reason has been preserved through all this physical trial. I enclose eight dollars as my subscription for the present year—would it were a larger sum, and that I could send you many more dollars—but the numerous claims on my small property put it out of my power to consult my feelings in these highly approved donations.

Please accept my best wishes for your success in the noble cause you have so long and perseveringly espoused (often under the most disheartening circumstances)—but God's presence is manifestly with us now to cheer and comfort. Justice, though long delayed, will at last be meted out to all.

Please accept, dear ladies, my respectful and affectionate regards. MARY P. PAYSON.

From a true and clear-sighted reformer of our own State:

SPRINGFIELD, Jan. 22, 1865.

To the Managers of the Anti-Slavery Subscription Anniversary:

Ladies: * * * Prominent and potent among the instrumentalities that have brought about the mighty revolution, which has already freed a host of our enslaved countrymen, and which ere long will free them all, is the American Anti-Slavery Society; and no portion of its members have been more persevering, earnest and efficient than its women, conspicuous among the foremost of whom are to be reckoned those who from year to year have given so much of their time and well-directed energies to procure the means of prosecuting the great moral warfare.

In view of the great strides that emancipation has made during the past year, I am not without hope that at the next anniversary you will have occasion to change somewhat the object of your labors, and thenceforward be known as *elevators* rather than emancipators.

The destruction of chattel slavery will be a great achievement, and worth the cost of a whole generation of toil and suffering, including the terrible sacrifices of the war which is still upon us; but the work will be incomplete, and the public safety, prosperity and general well-being not fully assured, so long as social, civil and political rights are predicated upon or limited by considerations so manifestly unjust and absurd as sex or complexion.

I hope that the subscriptions, in their aggregate, will more than meet the most sanguine hopes of the worthy women who have the matter in charge.

Enclosed I send you five dollars. E. W. TWING.

We have much pleasure in publishing the following from a clergyman of this city, addressed to Mrs. Child:

Dear Mrs. Child: I thank you for the invitation given to Mrs. Worcester and myself, by yourself and other ladies of the American Anti-Slavery Society. I regret to say, that it will not be convenient for us to attend your meeting this evening.

Allow me to avail myself of this opportunity again to express my gratitude to you for delivering me from the bondage of false opinions with regard to slavery. If I had not five or six years ago read your tract on the effects of emancipation, I do not see but that I should have been on the wrong side through all this war. But instead of suffering the misery of that situation, I have enjoyed the pleasure of being on the right side—on the side of justice and on the side of my country. I have not had a doubt that the war is a necessary work. I have not for a moment felt any regret that it was begun, or any desire that it should come to a premature end. I have not for a moment had a desire to go back into the condition which we were in before the war, nor have I had a doubt that the war was permitted as a necessary means for the welfare of our country.

Yours very truly, THOMAS WORCESTER.

January 25th, 1865.

From a Massachusetts man, now a surgeon in the army of the United States, colored troops, and stationed in Virginia, we received this:

CITY POINT, Va., Jan. 8, 1865.

* * * Allow me to congratulate you and other long-tried friends upon the gloriously sure and certain hope before us, the triumph of freedom and the downfall of the monster that was devouring and destroying the nation, defying God and threatening humanity. If any doubted before, the events of the past few weeks must dissipate all doubt that God means to save us. This Red Sea of carnage, and this long wilderness of delay, perplexity, and loss bring home our early lessons of the just and wise God, who punished the transgressions of the people whom He had resolved to save. The nation had grown rich and impiously proud on the blood of the slave. The riches have come to naught, the pride is humbled, and the nation is so far purified that God now lets the smiles and the sure token of His saving purpose toward us be seen. *Laus Deo! Non nobis—non nobis.* Yours to the last, DANIEL MANN,
A. A. Surgeon U. S. A.

It only remains that we now acknowledge the several contributions to the Subscription Anniversary, with our warm and heartfelt thanks to all the givers, and to all who contributed to the interest of the occasion.

SUBSCRIPTION LIST

Of the Thirty-first National Anti-Slavery Subscription Anniversary, January 25th, 1865.

Mary May	$100 00
Mrs. Ellis Gray Loring	20 00
Henrietta Sargent	2 00
Sarah Shaw Russell,	100 00
Sarah Russell May,	20 00
Lydia D. Parker,	20 00
Caroline C. Thayer,	3 00
Carolina R. Putman,	25 00
Sarah H. Southwick,	3 00
M. A. Georgina Otis,	5 00
Katherine E. Farnum,	3 00
Sarah H. Cowing,	2 00
Mary Willey,	2 00
David L. and L. Maria Child,	20 00
W. L. and Helen E. Garrison,	10 00
George Thompson,	25 00
Mrs. Lucinda Smith Otis,	20 00
Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Atkinson,	10 00
Hon. Gerrit Smith, Peterboro', N. Y.,	50 00
Rev. Samuel J. May, Syracuse, ..	25 00
Hon. Samuel Gale, Montreal,	500 00
Anne W. Weston, Weymouth,	15 00
Edmund Quincy, Dedham,	25 00
Thomas Garrett, Wilmington, Del.,	10 00
Nath. Barney and wife, Yonkers, N. Y.	30 00
David and C. A. Joy, Glen Haven, ..	25 00
Hon. John G. Palfrey,	5 00
Mrs. Mary M. Brooks, Concord	10 00
Misses R. A. and M. Goddard, Boston,	5 00
Mrs. R. W. Emerson,	10 00
Mr. and Mrs. Otto Dresel	10 00
Miss Sarah Butman, Worcester,	10 00
Rev. Dr. F. H. Hedge, Brookline,	5 00
Mrs. C. T. Jackson,	2 00
Edward L. Pierce,	3 00
Mrs. S. E. B. Channing	3 00
Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Sewall	25 00
Miss H. Robie	15 00
Rev. R. C. Waterston	10 00
Mrs. R. C. Waterson	10 00
Samuel May, Esq.,	100 00
Edw'd Harris, Esq., Woonsocket, R. I.,	100 00
Cornelius Bramhall, Esq., New York	30 00
Lauren Wetmore, Esq., Wolcottville, Ct.	50 00
Edgar Ketchum, Esq., New York	30 00
E. D. and Anna T. Draper, Hopedale	100 00
George and H. B. Draper ..	100 00
Misses Newman, Boston	50 00
P. W. and R. H. Morrill, Grantville	5 00
P. Fisk, U. S. Navy	20 00
Henry C. Wright	2 00
James N. Buffum, Lynn	20 00
William I. Bowditch, Brookline	50 00
Theodore Tilton, New York	20 00
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Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

TO WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

BY R. THAYER.

When darkness covered all the land,
And millions wore the galling chain,
God called thee for the RIGHT to stand,
To free the land of Slavery's stain.
In life's young prime—with scarce a friend—
The child of want and penury—
A "manifesto" thou didst send,
Declaring "all men should be free."
Thy burning words the Serpent woke,
Which round the Nation's heart lay coiled,
Till thirty years, by stroke on stroke,
At length the Fiend's foul purpose foiled,
If e'er the Nation shall be free,
Her rescue she'll ascribe to thee.

Boston, Feb. 17 1865.

THE LITERATURE OF THE HOTTENTOTS.*

By the Rev. B F. DeCosta, Editor of the Christian Times.

Ritter, in his "Physical Geography," calls Asia the Morning of the World, America the Evening, Africa the Noon and the North Night. But in respect to letters this assignment is arbitrary. Africa is indeed the land of the Sun, and there, along its burning equatorial line, is found the world's true noonday. Yet the inhabitant of this favored land sees as through a glass darkly. As he walks amid his native, sunbright mountains, no shadow falls around him without, but in the sanctuary of the soul the gloom of night holds perpetual reign and broods over every faculty. Still the inhabitants of Africa are not altogether wanting in mental capacity, and cheering gleams of intelligence frequently flash out upon the world. That great soldier and statesman, Toussain L'Ouverture, was of pure negro blood, like Benjamin Banneker, the mathematician and astronomer. A member of this despised people also has recently been found not unworthy of the office of a Bishop † in the Church of God, and goes forth to his distant diocese crowned alike with the honors of the hierarchy of England and the University of Oxford.

It will be proper to premise, however, before entering upon the examination of the little volume which has called forth these remarks, that the Hottentots are not negroes, but a distinct race. The inhabitants of South Africa consist of two tribes: the Hottentots and the Caffirs. The former occupy the northern part of the peninsula. Unlike the warlike Caffirs, they are a mild and timid people. Though wanting in energy, they at the same time possess considerable genuine talent. They are excellent shepherds and herdsmen, and are generally faithful and honest. One of the handsomest villages in that part of the country was occupied by a Hottentot community. When young they are clean-limbed and well proportioned. In complexion they are of a bright olive, while they have high cheek-bones and small teeth beautifully enamelled. Many years ago a certain writer, giving some account of the Hottentots, noted their peculiar character and isolated geographical position, and declared that their origin must always remain unknown. That he was not exactly a prophet we shall eventually see.

The literature of the Hottentots! One might think it an easy task to exhaust this subject; yet the general reader must be content to linger on its border, leaving linguistic scholars like Mr. Bleek to enter upon its real merits and pronounce upon its intrinsic value and importance. First let me state the origin of the present compilation of "Hottentot Literature." The existence of fables among this people was discovered by Sir James Alexander, in the year 1838, but the translator says in his preface that it was not until the year 1861 that he wrote to the different missionaries in South Africa, requesting them to make collections of the native literature. In response he received from the Rev. Mr. Krönlein, Rhenish missionary at Beersheba, twenty-four manuscript Fables, Tales and Legends, twelve Songs of Praise, thirty-two Proverbs, and twelve Riddles, all in Hottentot, as taken by him from the mouth of the natives. These manuscripts filled sixty-five pages, mostly in quarto, with double columns. The translation of these Fables professes to be nearly literal. A few things hardly adapted to the English eye have been omitted, or slightly altered, but these, we are assured, do not in any essential way affect their spirit. Otherwise, the translation is faithful to the original.

The style and general calibre of these Fables will be best understood by an example. I will therefore give one of the "Sun and Moon Fables," entitled,

"Why has the Jackal a long black stripe on his back?"

"The Sun, it is said, was one day on earth, and the men who were travelling by saw him sitting by the wayside, but passed him without notice. The Jackall, however, who came after them, and saw him also sitting, went to him and said, 'Such a fine little child is left behind by the men.' He then took the Sun up, and put it into awa-skin (on his back). When it burnt him, he said, 'Get down,' and shook himself; but the Sun stuck fast to his back, and burnt the Jackal's back black from that day."

Was this intended as a lesson for that class so strongly inclined to act the part of busybodies in other men's matters?

Here is one on "Cloud-Eating," with some Hottentot verse prefixed, addressed to the Hyena:

"Thou who makest thy escape from the tumult!
Thou wide, roomy tree!
Thou who gettest thy share (though with trouble!)
Thou cow who art strained at the hocks!‡
Thou who hast a plump round knee!
Thou the nape of whose neck is clothed with hair!
Thou with the skin dripping as if half tanned!
Thou who hast a round, distended neck!
Thou eater of the Namaqua,
Thou big-toothed one!"

The Jackal and the Hyena were together, it is said, when a white cloud rose. The Jackal ascended upon it, and ate of the cloud as if it were fat.

"When he wanted to come down he said to the Hyena, 'My sister, as I am going to divide with thee, catch me well.' So she caught him, and broke his fall. Then she also went up and ate there, high on the top of the cloud. When she was satisfied, she said, 'My greyish brother, now catch me well.' The greyish rogue said to his friend, 'My sister, I shall catch thee well, come therefore down.'

"He held up his hands, and she came down from the cloud, and when she was near, the Jackal cried out (painfully jumping on one side), 'My sister, do not take it ill. Oh me! Oh me! A thorn has pricked me, and sticks in me.' Thus she fell down from above and was sadly hurt.

"Since that day, it is said, that the Hyena's left hind foot is shorter and smaller than the right one."

These extracts afford a tolerably fair sample of the body of the work, though the two household legends are considerably longer. I will, nevertheless, add two poetic scraps detached from the Fables to which they serve as preludes. Of the Giraffe, the Hottentot poet says:

"Thou who descendest river by river,
Thou burnt thornbush!
Thou blue one, §
Who appearest like a distant thornhill
Full of people sitting down."

To the Baboon he sings:

"Heretse!
Heretse!
Thou thin-armed one,
Who hast thin hands!
Thou smooth bulrush mat,
Thou whose neck is bent,
Thou who art made so as to be lifted up (upon a tree),
Who liftest thyself up.
Thou who wilt not die even behind that hill
Which is yet beyond those hills
That lie on the other side of this far distant hill."

The following is addressed to the Zebra:

"Thou who art thrown at by the great (shepherd) boys,
Thou whose head the (Kirrie's) throw misses!
Thou dappled fly,
Thou party-colored one,
Who spiest for those,
That spy for thee!
Thou who, woman-like,
Art full of jealousy."

The discovery of this new source of literary lore, and the advent of the volume before us, will doubtless awaken much inquiry, while the originality of these fables will perhaps be challenged by not a few. Dr. Bleek says, "Whether they are indeed the real offspring of the desert, and can be considered as truly indigenous native literature; whether they have been purloined from the superior white race, or at least been brought into existence by the stimulus which contact with the latter gave to the native mind, may be matters of dispute for some time to come, and it may require as much research as was expended upon the solving of the riddle of the originality of the Ossianic Poems." But in running through this volume one cannot help feeling that no considerable portion of its contents must be, as suggested, the result of contact with the white race. Then, so far as the antiquity of certain fables may be concerned, there is scarcely any room for doubt. Several are beyond question of a very modern origin. Such, for instance, is the case with the Fable of the "Cock," which runs as follows:

"The Cock, it is said, was once overtaken by the Jackal and caught. The Cock said to the Jackal, 'Please, pray first (before you kill me), as the *white man* does.' The Jackal asked, 'In what manner does he pray? Tell me.' 'He folds his hands in praying,' said the Cock. The Jackal folded his hands and prayed. Then the Cock said, 'You ought not to look about as you do. You had better shut your eyes.' He did so; and the Cock flew away, upbraiding at the same time the Jackal with the words: 'You rogue! do you also pray?' There sat the Jackal, speechless, because he had been outdone."

So likewise the origin of the Fable of "The Judgment of the Baboon" is proclaimed by the occurrence of such lines as the following, which one need not journey far from the nursery to read in a better tongue than that of the Namaqua Hottentot:

"Wood, beat the dog.
Fire, burn the wood.
Water, quench the fire.
Elephant, drink the water."

In others the "Dutchmen" are familiarly alluded to. Yet, whatever may be our opinion in regard to the antiquity of some of these pieces, none but those who are utterly indifferent to the study of the human mind engaged in its primitive literary efforts will undervalue the worth of this compilation of "Hottentot Fables," or fail to be gratified by the announcement that other specimens may be looked for at no very distant day.

But after having said thus much it must still be remembered that the real interest of these native compositions is to be found where we should hardly have looked for it. Dr. Bleek, in speaking of the study which may possibly be required to settle the question of their antiquity, says, "Whatever may be the ultimate result of such inquiries . . . . . the disposition of the Hottentots to the enjoyment of such Fables, and their easy growth on this arid soil, be it their native or adopted one—shows a much greater congeniality between the Hottentot and European mind, than we find between the latter and any of the black races of Africa."

The great difference between the Hottentots and the Caffirs of South Africa has always been subject of remark among Europeans visiting them. Moffat conjectures that the former came originally from North Africa. A Syrian, to whom he gave some specimens of the Namaqua Hottentot, told him that he had seen slaves in the market at Cairo who spoke a similar language. But since Moffat commenced guessing, the connection between the Namaqua and the Coptic has been pointed out by Dr. Bleek, though at first he thought the resemblance purely accidental. But prolonged and careful study finally revealed the truth. The relationship between the two tongues is found in the signs of gender; and a perfect chain of evidence now proves that all the "sex-denoting" languages of Asia, Africa and Europe are members of one family, the primitive type of which is best preserved in the Hottentot. This discovery was made about the same time by two other independent sources, Dr. J. C. Adamson and J. R. Logan, Fellow of the Ethnological Society. The former, in a communication to the Syro-Egyptian Society says, that the signs of gender in the Namaqua and the Egyptian, as well as the feminine affix, might be considered as the same in the Namaqua, the Galla, and the Old Egyptian. The Caffirs who inhabit South Africa with the Hottentots, though in possession of an extensive legendary literature, have no such things as fables. Dr. Bleek explains the tendency of the Hottentot mind to fable by the peculiarity of its "sex-denoting" language which gives a gender to inanimate things, and thus allows of personification (among the Caffirs unknown), and which also proclaims their affinity with the ancient Copts.

This is nearly all the public may know about the literature of the Hottentots at present, though the time is not far distant when we may hope to hear again from the philologist on this interesting theme. Till then let the reader be content with the following somewhat un-Homeric address, which the sable poet puts in the mouth of the old lioness on finding her son wounded by the hunter:

"My Son, this is the thing I have told thee:—
Beware of the one who has pinching weapons,
Who wears a tuft of tiger's tail,
Of him who has white dogs!
Alas! Thou son of her who is short-eared,
Thou, my short-eared child!
Son of her who eats raw flesh,
Thou flesh-devourer;
Son of her whose nostrils are red from the prey,
Thou with blood-stained nostrils!
Son of her who drinks pit-water,
Thou water-drinker!"

—*Church Journal.*

* *Reynard the Fox in South Africa; or, Hottentot Fables and Tales* Chiefly translated from Original Manuscripts in the Library of His Excellency, Sir George Grey, K. C. B By W. H. I. Bleek, Ph. D. London: Trübner & Co., 60 Paternoster Row. 1864.

† The Right Reverend Samuel Crowther, D. D.

‡ "When the Hyena first starts it appears to be lame on the hind legs, or gone in the loins, as one would say of a horse."—*L. Layard.*

§ "Because the Giraffe is said to give blue ashes when burnt."—*Krönlein.*

THE BARBARISM OF SLAVERY.

From the Hillsboro (O.) News.

We were invited round to the Provost Marshal's office last week to see a "contraband" who recently escaped from North Carolina, with about 100 others, making their way to Gen. Burbridge's line near Saltville, Va. He came here to enlist, and on being stripped for examination, his body presented a spectacle which excited the horror, pity and indignation of the officers, and of all who saw it. His arms and legs were literally knotted with scars from the teeth of blood hounds which had torn him when attempting to escape, while his body was seamed with welts like whip-cords, caused by the overseer's brutal lash. Such a sight we never saw before, and it would have removed all doubt, had any existed in our mind, of the truth of the many stories we had read of Southern barbarism and cruelty to the down-trodden slave. The man was about 20 years old, but was under the minimum height for a soldier, and therefore was not enlisted, but the Marshal humanely furnished him some new clothes to replace his tattered garments, and gave him some good advice as to making a wise use of his newly acquired liberty, by forming industrious and temperate habits, after which he went on his way rejoicing.

Richard D. Webb, of Dublin, lately delivered a lecture on "The Origin and Progress of the American Republic and the War," in the theatre of the Mechanics' Institute in that city. He said the subject was one which should interest all Irishmen, for in his opinion there was no country in the world to which the Irish people are so much indebted as to the United States (hear, hear). He had often observed, with regret, that while in Scotland and in England, a great number of meetings had been held for the purpose of expressing sympathy of the people with the free people of American, the number of similar meetings in Ireland had been very small indeed. Now, it should be understood here, that the war going on in America was for the benefit of Ireland, as well as that of every other country in the world (hear). People had asked why didn't the North and South agree to separate and live in peace? But it was an impossibility that they should do so. Even supposing it possible the Northerns should agree to let the Southerns go, why, the Southerns had in the most express terms declared their object to be to establish slavery firmly on their own soil, and to extend it as far as they could everywhere else. They looked upon labor as a condition belonging of right to an inferior race, despised the working man, and even openly stated that it was not because of their color that they held negroes slaves, but simply because all workers should be so (hear, hear). But after all, the North and South, being founded upon the two diametrically opposed systems of liberty and slavery, could never join in amity, for there would be necessarily standing armies and standing navies, and as a consequence perpetual quarrels. He believed America would yet be the great home of the working men of the world, who would inhabit its territories in hundreds of millions and enjoy there greater happiness and freedom than anywhere else on the face of the globe (applause).

New Times for Slaveholders.—A correspondent of the *Commonwealth*, writing from Port Royal, says: "A portion of the seven hundred prisoners brought in are officers, quartered at the provost yard, under tents, guarded by colored soldiers and taunted by freedmen. Strange that people, who, as we have so *often* been told, love slavery better than freedom, and who could not be persuaded to leave their masters, should become so changed! "Katie," washing for wages, was asked by some of these former lords to wash some articles for them. Tossing her turbaned head in high dudgeon, she replied, "I no wash for rebs; wash yourself!" She was promised money. "I no want reb money. Wash yourself—got no slave now!" And thus they go on washing their own clothes, cooking their scant rations in old tin-cans and kettles, over fires, on the ground allotted them. On their first arrival, being marched up the wharf, one haughty slaveholder kicked over a basket of apples belonging to a freedman. The guard obliged him to pay for it. This so enraged him, that he told Bill he would "cut his heart out"; whereupon Bill shook his fist in massa's face, saying, quickly: "You das'ent! you old secesh!" Farther along, a lame old contraband, hobbling on a cane and broomstick, clapped his hands, and shouted, "Good, good! Oh, bully! bully!" as he watched the procession. A friend checked him for his own safety, but "Tom" says—"I no 'fraid; de Union sojer here." Thus these men are tasting the bitter cup of "retaliation" in more ways than one. No pity is offered. As they have sown broadcast sorrow, suffering, tears, and woe, so must they reap the abundant harvest on the self-same soil.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

DEAD.

Weep for the dead! Not those who gave
The dust that fills a patriot grave;
Not for the true arm, still and cold;
Not for the breast that the grasses fold;
Not for the bright form under the mold;
Not for the heart that bled.
But weep, O weep for the coward vein!
Dead, for it had no pulse to drain!
Dead, for it could not feel a pain!
Dead to the core—dead!
Dead as a soulless sentence spoke;
Dead as a useless promise broke;
Dead as a sightless eye awoke;
Dead!

Weep for the dead! Not those who went
Home by the stab of a traitor sent;
Not for the smile we see no more;
Not for the love on the Alden shore;
Not for the life whose pain is o'er;
Not for the spirit fled.
Yet weep for the bosom numb and still!
Dead, for it felt no patriot thrill;
Dead, for it had no life to spill;
Dead to the core—dead!
Dead as the hate of an idiot glance;
Dead as the steel of a broken lance;
Dead as a last neglected chance;
Dead!

Weep for the dead! Not those who claim
Immortal life on the scroll of Fame;
Not for the soul that feared but shame;
Not for the life that reached its aim:
Not for the step that marked in flame
Print of a hero's tread.
Weep for the dead that breathe and speak!
Dead, with a lie-bloom on the cheek;
Dead, for they have no aim to seek,
Dead to the core—dead!
Dead as the use of a wasted hour;
Dead as the dew on a poison flower!
Dead as soul's crime-palsied power;
Dead!

S. E. Carmichael.

MR. ROCK'S EXPERIENCE IN WASHINGTON.

From the Commonwealth.

6 Tremont St., Boston, Feb. 9, 1865.

Hon. F. W. Bird—*Dear Sir:* In answer to your request, I will make a statement which will show some of the impediments in the way of travelling to our national capital.

On Monday evening, January 30th, I left Boston for Washington, where I arrived on Tuesday evening. Nothing of importance occurred on the passage, except that on my arrival at the "Baltimore depot," in Philadelphia, I found a United States soldier with his musket, stationed at one of the cars, and as I came up he pointed to the "smoking-car," telling me that that was for the colored people. I took no notice of what he said, but attempted to pass him; he placed himself in an attitude to resist me, and as he was representing the United States, I did not insist on passing him. I had an engagement in Washington, and must go by that train. It was "Hobson's choice," and though unwell, I must go in that car, breathe the foul air, and hear the low, silly and vulgar stories, which seem to have their proper location in the bar-room and the smoking-car.

By four o'clock, on Wednesday, I had completed my business in Washington, and was anxious to return as far as Philadelphia by the train which left half-an-hour later; but I could not leave the city without a "pass," and the pass-office was now closed until nine o'clock the next morning. On this account I was obliged to lose the afternoon, evening and early morning trains.

You are aware that only colored men are required to have passes to leave the District, and that no person can obtain one unless he has a letter from some resident of the city, recommending it for him. This letter he must take to the enrollment office, where the lists of the men liable to be drafted are examined. If his name is found upon the roll, he cannot leave the city; but if not liable to be drafted in Washington, they give him a certificate stating that he is not enrolled. This he must take to Gen. Augur's headquarters, where he is further examined before the "pass" is granted. As I had been in Washington only a few days before, and had obtained my certificate, all I needed this time was my "pass." But as you may be desirous of making a note of them, I enclose the originals, which you will please preserve for me:

[Letter.]

Senate Chamber, 9th Jan. 1865.

The Provost-Marshal—*Dear Sir:* I hope that John S. Rock, Esq., a Counsellor-at-Law, of Boston, and loyal, may have a pass. Faithfully yours, Charles Sumner.

[Provost-Marshal's Certificate.]

Office of Provost-Marshal and Board of Enrollment of the District of Columbia,
Washington, D. C., Jan. 10, 1865.

This is to certify that John S. Rock, lawyer, is not enrolled, and is not liable to the draft in the District of Columbia. John G. Adams, for John Knox,
Commissioner of Enrollment, District of Columbia.

Thursday morning I was at the pass-office soon after it opened. A young man of pleasant address came up to me and said:

What is your business? I answered—I desire to get a pass to go out of the District. *Official*—Have you any papers? *A.*—Yes; what kind of papers do you wish to see? *Official*—Whatever you have. Have you any exemption papers? *A.*—No, sir. *Official*—Then I don't want to see any other papers.

He then turned abruptly from me, and went to a desk at the other end of the room, and wrote something on a slip of paper, and came back. Before he had time to hand it to me, I showed him a passport from the State of Massachusetts. He looked at it, and the following dialogue ensued:

Official.—Where are you from? *A.*—Boston. *Official*—Are you a recruiting-agent? *A.*—No, sir. *Official.*—What are you doing here? I did not answer. *Official*—What is your business? *A.*—I am a lawyer. *Official*—Who do you know in Boston? *A.*—I know many people there.

I then asked him why it was that colored men were outraged in this manner. He said: "We do this to keep them here. If they were allowed to leave the District, they would go to the Eastern and Middle States and enlist." I asked him if white men did not run away? He said: "Yes, but we can catch them." By this time the lieutenant came out and asked me where I wanted to go. I told him I wanted to go home. He said to one of the clerks, "Let him go." The enclosed pass was then handed to me:

Headquarters, Department of Washington,
Washington, Feb 2, 1865.

Pass John S. Rock, colored, from this Department going North.

This pass will expire Feb. 3, 1865.

By command of Maj.-Gen. Augur.
Geo. Chace, Capt. and A. D. C.

[This signature is so badly written that I may copy it incorrectly.—F. W. B.]

SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

John S. Rock, Esquire, of Boston, State of Massachusetts, was, on motion first made to the Court in this behalf by Charles Sumner, Esquire, duly admitted and qualified as an Attorney and Counsellor of the Supreme Court of the United States, on the first day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five, and of the Independence of the United States of America the eighty-ninth.

In testimony whereof, I, Daniel Wesley Middleton, Clerk of said Court, have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of said Court, at the city of Washington, this first day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five. D. W. Middleton,
[L. S.] Clerk Sup. Ct. U. S.

I took my "pass" to the depot, and with it was enabled to enter a smoking-car, and was soon out of the limits of what is called a "Free City."

The officers in every case were civil, though what would have been a disagreeable duty to some men seemed to be performed by them with alacrity.

I am, dear sir, most respectfully, your obedient servant, John S. Rock.

The peculiar difficulties which attended Mr. Rock's exit from Washington induced Mr. Garfield, of Ohio, to offer a resolution in the House, the other day, instructing the Committee on the District of Columbia to inquire whether any regulation exists in the District which forbids persons from leaving Washington without a "pass"; and, if so, to report to the House under what authority the regulation is made and enforced, and what legislation is necessary to secure equal justice to all loyal persons without regard to color at the national Capital. The resolution was adopted.

The Best Poets Reformers.—It is a striking fact that the best religious poetry here is from the pens of our most ardent and active reformers. Bryant, Whittier, Mrs. Stowe, and Tilton are the most sacred of any in their singing. "Imagination all Compact" is inspired with the higher than any poetic fire. It shows that to him that hath shall be given; and principle is here as ever the parent of beauty. Of these the most spiritual, tender, and imaginative are the last two. Of Mrs. Stowe we are tempted to say, "How great a poet is in a novelist lost; of Tilton, in an editor." "The Victory of Life," and especially the "Fellowship of Suffering," are among the most poetical and most pious contributions. They are tearful sermons set to tearful song.—*Christian Advocate and Journal.*

The Agitators.—There is a school of philosophy so deep that I think no lines ever fathomed it, which teaches that if a few pestilent agitators had never been born, or being born, had quickly been sent to the gallows, this country would never have had these difficulties (applause and laughter). And it is among their popular receipts for peace that if you hang a few men at the South and a few men at the North, you will have peace. I remember, when I was a boy about five years of age, entertaining an opinion, which I would have been ashamed of when older, for as I was going to school on a bitter March morning, passing through some button-ball trees, and shivering under the influence of the cold wind which came through them, I told my sister that if I had my way, I would have them all cut down, because I thought it was the trees which made the wind, and not the wind which moved the trees (laughter and applause). Now, Mr. Garrison and Mr. Phillips, and other nameless gentlemen, did not make these troubles in the country—the troubles in the country made them. They are themselves the creatures of those great causes. As the operation of the silent laws of nature brings growth out of the earth, so again, on the one side and the other, have these causes been their moulders and fashioners, and they are the children of the times in which they live—not the times their children (applause).—*H. W. Beecher's Speech at Baltimore.*

Generous and Characteristic.—Here is a pleasant and pithy note from Rev. Henry Ward Beecher:

Brooklyn, Feb. 4 1865.

My Dear Mr. Garrison: I have had the *Liberator* sent to me, free, for several years; on the principle, I presume, that I *needed* it. So long as I was in a state of nature, I consented to have a free gospel preached to me. But, as I have made up my mind, at length, that slavery is no evil, and ought to be abolished, I suppose that I can find no good reason for taking the *Liberator* without paying for it. Please find a check for $25. I am very truly yours,
H. W. Beecher.

Of course, we did not mean, by sending our friend the *Liberator*, either to imply that he "was in a state of nature" on the anti-slavery question, or to place him under any obligations for receiving it; but we sent the paper as an act of personal esteem and good-will. As he would not like to have the check he encloses returned to him, he will please accept our thanks for his generous coöperation.—*Liberator.*

The following odd illustration is from a late sermon of Rev. Phillips Brooks of Trinity Church, Philadelphia: "There was an Arab once who had the devil for his servant. When his term of service had expired, the devil begged as his reward to kiss the shoulders of his master. This request was granted, but out of the spots where the devil's lips had touched sprang serpents, which ever darted their fangs into the breast of the unhappy man. He strove to tear them away, but could not for the agony. The devil of slavery had kissed the strong shoulders of the Republic, and the serpents sprung from her defiling lips are preying upon her life. It is agony to tear them off, but it is death to let them remain. Despite our anguish, we have taken courage to rid us of the abomination."

Advertisements.

DON'T FAIL TO READ THIS.

COFFEE! COFFEE!! COFFEE!!!

THE EAST INDIA COFFEE CO.

154 READE STREET (three doors from Greenwich Street), N. Y.

Call universal attention to their

KENT'S EAST INDIA COFFEE,

ONLY TWENTY-FIVE CENTS PER POUND.

KENT'S EAST INDIA COFFEE

has all the flavor of OLD GOVERNMENT JAVA, and is but half the price; and also that

KENT'S EAST INDIA COFFEE

has TWICE THE STRENGTH OF JAVA, or any other Coffee whatever; and wherever used by our first-class hotels and steamboats, the stewards say there is a saving of 50 per cent.

KENT'S EAST INDIA COFFEE

is the most healthy beverage known, and is very nutritious. The weak and infirm may use it at all times with impunity. The wife of the Rev. W. Eaves, local minister of the M. E. Church, Jersey City, who has not been able to use any Coffee for fifteen years can use

KENT'S EAST INDIA COFFEE

three times a day without injury, it being entirely free from those properties that produce nervous excitement.

Dr. James Boyle, of 156 Chambers Street, says: "I have never known any Coffee so healthful, nutritious, and free from all injurious qualities as

KENT'S EAST INDIA COFFEE.

I advise my patients to drink it universally, even those to whom I have hitherto prohibited the use of Coffee."

The Principal of the NEW YORK EYE INFIRMARY says: "I direct all the patients of our institution to use exclusively

KENT'S EAST INDIA COFFEE,

and would not be without it on any account."

The Rev. C. Larue, an eminent clergyman of the M. E. Church, now stationed at Halsey street, Newark, says of

KENT'S EAST INDIA COFFEE:

"I have used it nearly a year in my family, and find it produces no ache of the head or nervous irritation, as in the case of all other Coffees It is exceedingly pleasant, and I cordially recommend it to all clergymen and their families."

KENT'S EAST INDIA COFFEE

is used daily by the families of Bishop Ames, Bishop Baker, and many of the most distinguished clergymen and professional men in the country.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!

and be sure that the packages are labelled

KENT'S EAST INDIA COFFEE,

154 READE STREET, NEW YORK,

as there are numerous counterfeits afloat under the name of "Genuine East India Coffee," "Original East India Coffee," etc., put forth by imposters to deceive the unwary.

In 1 lb. packages, and in boxes of 36, 60 and 100 lbs., for Grocers and large Consumers. *Sold by Grocers generally.*

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BRITISH PERIODICALS,

VIZ.

1. THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW (Conservative).
2. THE EDINBURGH REVIEW (Whig).
3. THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW (Free Church).
4. THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW (Liberal).

AND

5. BLACKWOOD'S EDIBURGH MAGAZINE (Tory).

The American Publishers continue to reprint the above-named periodicals, but as the cost of printing has *doubled*, the price of paper nearly *trebled*, and taxes, duties, licenses, etc., largely increased, they are compelled to advance their terms as follows:

TERMS FOR 1865.

For any one of the four Reviews - - - - - Per annum	$4 00
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For Blackwood and one Review - - - - -	7 00
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The works will be printed on a *greatly improved quality of paper*, and while nearly all American Periodicals are either advanced in price or reduced in size—and very generally both—we shall continue to give faithful copies of all the matter contained in the original editions. Hence, our present prices will be found as cheap, for the amount of matter furnished, as those of any of the competing periodicals in this country.

Compared with the cost of the original editions, which at the present premium on gold would be about $100 a year, our prices ($15) are *exceedingly low.* Add to this the fact that we make our annual payments to the British Publishers for early sheets and copyright in *Gold*—$1 costing us at this time (Jan. 1865) nearly $2 50 in currency—and we trust that in the scale we have adopted we shall be entirely justified by our subscribers and the reading public.

The interest of these Periodicals to American readers is rather increased than diminished by the articles they contain on our *Civil War*, and, though sometimes tinged with prejudice, they may still, considering their great ability and the different stand-points from which they are written, be read and studied with advantage by the people of this country, of every creed and party.

THE FOUR REVIEWS FOR 1863.

A few copies of the above remain on hand, and will be sold at $5 for the whole four, or $2 for any one.

We also Publish the

FARMER'S GUIDE,

By Henry Stephens of Edinburgh and the late J. P. Norton, of Yale College. 2 vols Royal Octavo, 1,600 pages and numerous Engravings. Price.—$7, for the two volumes. By Mail $8.

LEONARD SCOTT & CO., Publishers,
No. 38 Walker st., New York

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Cheaper than wood or coal.

Eagle Gas Heating Stoves, positively guaranteed to be free from smoke or smell. Will heat offices, parlor, dining, sleeping and bath rooms. Also Eagle Gas Cooking Stoves and Ranges will boil, broil, roast, toast, bake, stew, fry, heat irons, etc., etc.

The Eagle Gas Stoves and Ranges have been in use for over three years, and are found to be the most simple, complete and perfect arrangement for heating and cooking, in every respect, ever invented, and to do the work with less trouble, in less time, and at less expense than any coal or wood stove.

Their wonderful neatness, convenience and economy can be seen at a glance.

We also manufacture Coal Oil Stoves for cooking and heating. Send for descriptive catalogues.

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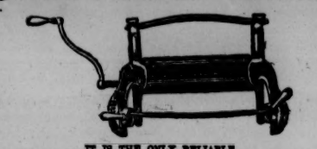

IT IS THE ONLY RELIABLE

SELF-ADJUSTING WRINGER.

No Wood-work to swell or split. No Thumb-screws to get out of order. Warranted with or without Cog-wheels.

It took the First Premium at Fifty-seven State and County Fairs in 1863, and nearly double that number in 1864, and is, without an exception, the best Wringer ever made. Patented in the United States, England, Canada, and Australia. Agents wanted in every town, and in all parts of the world. Energetic agents can make from $3 to $10 per day.

WHAT EVERYBODY KNOWS, VIZ.:

That Iron well galvanized *will not rust.*
That a *simple* machine is better than a complicated one.
That a Wringer should be *self-adjusting, durable and efficient.*
That thumb screws and fastenings cause *delay* and *trouble* to regulate and keep in order.
That wood soaked in water will *swell, shrink,* and *split;*
That wood-bearings for the shaft to run in will *wear out.*
That the Putnam Wringer, with or without cog-wheels, will *not tear the clothes.*
That cog-wheel regulators are not essential.
That the Putnam Wringer has *all* the advantages, and *not one* of the disadvantages above named.
That all who have tried it pronounce it the *best* Wringer ever made.
That it will ring a thread or a bed-quilt *without alteration.*

We might fill the paper with testimonials, but insert only a few to convince the skeptical. If such there be; and we say to all, *test* Putnam's Wringer. Test it *thoroughly* with *any* and *all* others, and if not entirely satisfactory, return it.

Putnam Manufacturing Co.—Gentlemen: I know from practical experience that iron well galvanized with zinc will not oxydize or rust one particle. The Putnam Wringer is as near perfect as possible, and I can cheerfully recommend it to be the best in use.
Respectfully yours, John W. Wheeler, Cleveland, O.

Many years experience in the galvanizing business enables me to indorse the above statement in *all particulars.*
John C. Lefferts, No. 100 Beekman Street.

New York, January, 1864.—We have tested Putnam's Clothes Wringer by practical working, and know that it will do. It is simple; it requires no room, whether at work or at rest; a child can operate it; it does its duty thoroughly; it saves time, and it saves wear and tear. We earnestly advise all who have much washing to do, with all intelligent persons who have *any,* to buy this Wringer. It will pay for itself in a year at most.
Horace Greeley.

Prices, $8, $9, and $10.
Agents Wringers sent, express paid, on receipt of price.
Manufactured and sold, wholesale and retail, by

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13 Platt Street, New York.
Bennington, Vt.
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GROVESTEEN & CO.,

PIANO-FORTE MANUFACTURERS,

499 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The attention of the public and the trade is invited to our New Scale Seven Octave Rosewood Piano-Fortes, which for volume and purity of tone are unrivalled by any hitherto offered in this market. They contain all the modern improvements, French, grand action, harp pedal, iron frame, over-strung bass, etc., and each instrument being made under the personal supervision of Mr. J. H. Grovesteen, who has had a practical experience of over thirty years in their manufacture, is fully warranted in every particular.

THE "GROVESTEEN PIANO-FORTE"

received the highest award of merit over all others at the celebrated World's Fair! where were exhibited instruments from the best makers of London, Paris, Germany, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston and New York; and also at the American Institute for five successive years, the gold and silver medals from both of which can be seen at our warerooms.

By the introduction of improvements we make a still more perfect Piano-Forte, and by manufacturing largely, with a strict cash system, are enabled to offer these instruments at a price which will preclude all competition.

PRICES.

No. 1, Seven Octave, round corners, Rosewood Plain Case, $275.

No. 2, Seven Octave, round corners. Rosewood heavy moulding, $300.

No. 3, Seven Octave, round corners, Rosewood Louis XIV. style, $325.

Terms—Net Cash, in Current Funds.

Descriptive Circulars sent free.

WEST'S IMPROVED PUMP

Anti-Freezing, Double-Acting, Forcing and Lifting.

These Pumps have now been in general use a number of years, and give better satisfaction than any other, and are recommended as THE BEST! by Captain Ericsson, and other eminent engineers. We can refer to thousands using them, and guarantee that all will recommend them. They are more simple in construction, and work easier, and cost less than all others.

"Our readers will find the double-acting, improved Pump of J. D. West & Co., one of the best in the market. It is very simple, works to a charm, so that any child may use it; throws a steady, continuous stream, and does not freeze in the coldest exposures, and is unusually cheap. We say this knowingly, and give the testimony of our own accord, without the knowledge or request of the proprietors."—*N. Y. Evening Post, July 1, 1863.*

"J. D. West & Co. We are pleased to state that the Pumps we had of you, about a year ago, have been in constant use, 12 hours each day, and raise for the use of our woolen factory about 130 gallons per minute. They work with but little power, compared with pumps we have used before, and do not get out of repair, and are satisfactory in all respects. Dunlap Manufacturing Co."

Solon Robinson to the Farmers' Club, Jan. 28:

"No farmer who owns a well or a cistern can possibly afford to be without an iron pump. It should be at once a suction and force pump—a perfect little fire engine—such a one known as 'West's Improved Pump.' I speak of this Pump, because I happen to know it . . . . to be very simple, durable, powerful, and cheap, and it don't freeze up, nor get out of order once a year . . . . I know this, and think I may be doing the farmers good by speaking of it . . . . A boy 10 years old can work it, and throw a continuous inch-and-a-quarter stream. . . . It can be made to work in deep wells as well as in shallow ones."

"Great Neck, L. I., 1860.

"I have used this Pump for one Summer and Winter, exposed to the northwest wind coming over Long Island Sound, being the coldest possible exposure, and at no time did it freeze, nor were we unable at any time to pump water with great ease.
"H. B. McIlvain."

"The undersigned, having to use 'West's Improved Pumps,' cheerfully recommend them as simple, durable, and powerful in raising and throwing water, and for their ease of action, security against frost, and low price, we believe them superior to all others.
"Warren Leland, Met. Hotel, N. Y.
"J. W. Pomeroy, Yonkers, N. Y.
"John Messerau, N. Y.
"Dominick Lawrence, Westchester."

From the New York Observer.

"We have had in use for months past one of West's Pumps, which has given us more satisfaction, as a force and lifting pump, than any we have ever used. It is one of great power, and well adapted for ship's decks, mines, factories, greenhouses, graperies, etc. The *Mining Chronicle and Railway Journal* says, 'It is recommended for its extreme simplicity of construction, great strength, and consequent durability and cheapness of repair. There is no stuffing-box—the pressure being held by a cup packing, like that upon the working-piston, working in a cylinder, fitted for the purpose within the upper air chamber—which we think a great improvement, as stuffing is so liable to be deranged and leak under strong pressure, to say nothing